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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY M. BROWN;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SONS, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNER, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

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THE

FIFTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

CONTAINING

THE SECOND PART OF WATTS.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. WATTS,

CONTINUED.

LYRIC POEMS

CONTINUED.

The following POEMS of this BOOK are peculiarly dedicated to

DIVINE LOVE*.

The HAZARD of loving the CREATURES.

WHERE-E'ER my flattering paſſions rove,
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dangerous to let looſe our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for God.

* Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age, when theſe poems were written, to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford ſome apology for the writer, in his younger years.

Nature has ſoft but powerful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

Thoughtleſs they act th' old ſerpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

Dear Sovereign, break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
God in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in Thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

COME, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed Fair-one bend
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

I was

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling ſkies!
Jeſus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a Croſs of Love, and dies.

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing ſmart;
By theſe dear wounds, ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

Sure I muſt love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

The HEART given away.

IF there are paſſions in my ſoul,
(And paſſions ſure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jeſus, all for Thee.

If love, that pleaſing power, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidſt their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celeſtial hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his taſk, and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION in a GROVE.

SWEET Muſe, deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the evening grove;
Buſineſs, and noiſe, and day, are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis ſhall infect the air,
With her unhallow'd name.

Jeſus has all my powers poſſeſt,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my voice.

Some of the faireſt choirs above
Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms ſhall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While ſilence ſits on every bough,
And bends the liſtening woods.

I'll carve our paſſion on the bark
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.

The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read,
  Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That heaven itſelf came down, and bled
  To win a mortal's love.

The FAIREST and the ONLY BELOVED.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
  That firſt allur'd my eyes away
  From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And languiſhing in doubtful light
  Die at the morning-ſtar.

Whatever makes the godhead great,
  And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever ſpeaks the creature ſweet,
And worthy of my paſſion, meet
  Harmonious in my Lord.
A thouſand graces ever riſe
  And bloom upon his face;
A thouſand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart with dear ſurpriſe,
  And guard around the place.

All nature's art ſhall never cure
  The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
  To make another wound:

Earthly

Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heaven has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And, floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant, thou Everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

Thou

Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In Thee the paſſions of the mind
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and ſpread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd, and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
  Who could ever bear to be
  Curſt with immortality
Among the ſtars, but far from Thee?

MUTUAL LOVE ſtronger than DEATH.

NOT the rich world of minds above
  Can pay the mighty debt of love
  I owe to Chriſt my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty ſoul from hell:
Not the firſt ſeraph's tongue can tell
  The value of his blood.

Kindly he ſeiz'd me in his arms,
From the falſe world's pernicious charms
  With force divinely ſweet.
Had I ten thouſand lives my own,
    At his demand,
    With chearful hand,
  I'd pay the vital treaſure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But,

But, Saviour, let me taſte thy grace
With every fleeting breath?
And through that heaven of pleaſure paſs
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could loſe ſucceſſive ſouls
Faſt as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiſs the ſhore, and die.

The ſubſtance of the following Copy, and many of the lines, were ſent me by an eſteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a deſire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his meaſures, leſt I ſhould too much alter his ſenſe.

A SIGHT of CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your God and King ſurround,
With noble ſongs; in his exalted fleſh
He claims your worſhip: while his ſaints on earth,
Bleſs their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His diſtant influence, and confeſs his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unuſual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and ſurpriſe.

My

My joyful heart high leaping in my breaſt
With tranſport cry'd, This is the Chriſt of God;
Then threw my arms around in ſweet embrace,
And claſp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was loſt in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my ſoul, aſham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deſerve or name,
Though with contempt; beſt in oblivion hid.

But the bright ſhine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his abſence; and with ſtrongeſt cries
Proclaim'd, Where Jeſus is not, all is vain.
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or ſeek him panting with extreme deſire,
'Tis he alone can pleaſe my wondering ſoul;
To hold or ſeek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to caſt his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing ſoul
With upward look can ſpy my deareſt Lord
Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him ſtill
With ſweet reflection on the peaceful croſs,
All in his blood and anguiſh groaning deep,
Gaſping and dying there———
This ſight I ne'er can loſe, by it I live:
A quickening virtue from his death inſpir'd
Is life and breath to me; his fleſh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my ſtrength.

I live, I'm ſtrong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breaſt; my vigorous mind

Spurns

Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purpoſes divine,
Counſels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and ſign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vaſt amaze I ſee th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite ſchemes, and infinite deſigns
Of God's own Heart, in which he ever reſts.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can diſcover; Chriſt the End of all,
And Chriſt the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the firſt Adam from his ancient duſt
Crown'd with new honours ſhall revive, and ſee
Jeſus his Son and Lord; while ſhouting ſaints
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperior beams,
And like himſelf; then the myſterious Word
Long hid behind the letter ſhall appear
All ſpirit and life, and in the fulleſt light
Stand forth to public view: and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred works, and wonderous ways:
Then wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite tranſactions paſt
Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall with double blaze
Strike our aſtoniſh'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death

Death, and the tempter, and the man of ſin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgement caſt,
Shall vex the ſaints no more: but perfect love
And loudeſt praiſes perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliſsful ſtate.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne.

NOW let my faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

See where he languiſh'd on the Croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his Almighty Father's Side.

If I behold his bleeding Heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound:

How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhow
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I baniſh every foe,
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

I hold

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a ſeal upon my heart.

A Preparatory THOUGHT for the LORD'S SUPPER.

In Imitation of ISAIAH lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine!
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heavenly fleſh, this ſacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we,

Then

Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet Hoſannas crown the board.

Converse with Christ.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their converſation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty ſtuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy beſt company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight ſhades, on froſty ground,
I could attend the pleaſing ſound, [long.
Nor ſhould I feel December cold, nor think the darkneſs

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the ſins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret ſhame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the name [for me.
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all
Next he deſcribes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody paſſion o'er,

Till

Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the ſmypathetic ſmart
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm it bears.

I hear the glorious ſufferer tell,
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong; [tory, death!"
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting! and where's thy vic-

But when he ſhews his hands and heart,
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart,
He ſets my ſoul on fire:
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt, [deſire.
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part, [ſuſtains.
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And ſporting ſwains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare
The tangles of Amira's hair; [remove.
Thine arms, my God, are ſweeter bands, nor can my heart

GRACE SHINING, and NATURE FAINTING.

Sol. Song i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

TELL me, faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve ſuch cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the ſky,
The ſickening ſheep to covert fly,
The ſheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy flock to reſt:
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray!
Will Jeſus bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender ſound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that He
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound.

His

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence in perpetual smart
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the extasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

Oh, why should beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love so strong, and nature's self so weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Among the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.

O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intenſe, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my raſh complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great herald from the ſky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble ſtate of things ſhall fly,
And pain and pleaſure mix no more:
Then ſhall I gaze with ſtrengthened ſight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart ſhall all be love, my Jeſus all delight.

LOVE to CHRIST preſent or abſent.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus, thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love the beſt bleſſing here below,
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

Sweet are my thoughts, and ſoft my cares,
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He

He ſpeaks, and ſtrait immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My ſoul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind;
Here in this breaſt his image ſtays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his abſence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jeſus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

The ABSENCE of CHRIST.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty ſhade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall ſhadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has inflav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But, ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keeneſt wound to love,
That sharpeſt pain, I feel.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That beſt repeats her name.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING his DESCENT to EARTH.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain shall bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Amongst them give these worlds away,
"These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

Ascending to him in Heaven.

'TIS pure delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove:
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

The

The PRESENCE of GOD worth dying for: Or, the DEATH of MOSES.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly

Softly his fainting head he lay
  Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
  And laid his fleſh to reſt.

In God's own arms he left the breath
  That God's own ſpirit gave;
His was the nobleſt road to death,
  And his the ſweeteſt grave.

Long for his Return.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
  Farewell, my Spouſe, he ſaid;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
  How long my Love hath ſtaid!)

Farewell! at once he left the ground,
  And climb'd his Father's ſky;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
  Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
  And ſearch the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
  Till thou return again.

My paſſions fly to ſeek their King,
  And ſend their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
  And mourn an abſent God:

With

With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
My ſoul diſſolves away:
Dear Sovereign, whirl the ſeaſons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face;
What though a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhrowd
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a ſummer cloud:
He is my ſun though he refuſe to ſhine,
'Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light ariſe
I'll ſpring a thought away to God;
The paſſion of my heart and eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand groans and ſighs,
A thouſand glances ſtrike the ſkies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy ſervant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy chearful graces bring;
Or ſhall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightneſs, through the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of deſpair
Aloft their ſooty banners rear
Round my poor captive ſoul, and dare
Pronounce me priſoner of hell.

But

But Thou, my Sun, and Thou my Shield,
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightneſs, ſhoot one glimmering ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin, with all its ghaſtly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on every face:
Our ſpirits raptur'd with the ſight
Where all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er the head
The conqueror ſpread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,

And

And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul, thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A Father's love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child, or prove the Son,
But love will ne'er deſtroy;
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy ſupport,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen?
When ſhall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years.

Ye heavenly gates, looſe all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bleſt Saviour, cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, Thou, The Soul of all our Joys,
Thou, The Deſire of Nations, come!

Put

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes, and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Faireſt of ten thouſand Fairs.

Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Our ſpirits ſhake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We riſe away from mortal things
T' attend thy ſhining chariot down.

Now let our chearful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering ſound!
The angel herald ſhakes the ſkies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye ſlumbering ſaints, a heavenly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for Jeſus comes.

Jeſus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumberous clay
Quick as ſeraphic-flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flight
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Strait I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely

Strangely I loſe his lovely face,
To hold the empty ſounds in chace;
At beſt the chimes divide my heart,
And the Muſe ſhares the larger part.

Falſe confident! and falſer breaſt!
Fickle, and fond of every gueſt:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This fooliſh heart can leave her God,
And ſhadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How ſhall I fix this wandering mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thine embrace;
Pity the ſoul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say when ſhall the bright moment be
That I ſhall live alone for Thee,
My heart no foreign Lords adore,
And the wild Muſe prove falſe no more?

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jeſus mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face,
And melt in pleaſures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly gueſt.

And now He's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you, ſins, that griev'd Him ſo,
Ye ſins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your ſorrows bring:
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful ſong,
If you have e'er a mourning ſtring.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you ſee;
While my poor ſpirits pant and die,
And groan, for Thee, my God, for Thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And ſpy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving ſpheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My ſoul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the manſions of the ſky.

There ſmiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealouſies, and pains,
And all the ills of abſent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD exalted above all Praiſe.

ETERNAL Power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

The loweſt ſtep above thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilſt he ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhiping, and ſpread the ground.

Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

"Tibi silet Laus, O Deus," Psal. lxv. 1.

End of the First Book.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO

VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the Northern world, whoſe gentle ſway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t'obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when WILLIAM dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the royal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And WILLIAM's urn almoſt without a tear
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in ſilver ſtreams amidſt the throng.
Amazing balm, that on thoſe lips was found
To ſoothe the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion ſhouts thine honours as her joys ariſe.

The

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can ſecure her head;
Her trembling eagles haſten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallick war:
All hide behind thy ſhield. Remoter lands
Whoſe lives lay truſted in Naſſovian hands
Transfer their ſouls, and live; ſecure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilſt in various forms
Fair piety ſhines through the Britiſh iſles:
Here at thy ſide, and in thy kindeſt ſmiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold ſhe ſtands,
To bleſs thy councils, and aſſiſt thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There at a humble diſtance from the throne †
Beauteous ſhe lies; her luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd; yet not bluſhing, nor afraid,
Nor knows ſuſpicion, nor effects the ſhade:
Chearful and pleas'd ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear ſovereign, endleſs vows ariſe,
And zeal with earthly wing ſalutes the ſkies
To gain thy ſafety: Here a ſolemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wiſhes: There the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd

* The eſtabliſhed church of England.

† The Proteſtant Diſſenters.

With bolder hopes: Yet ſtill beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories riſe, thy ſpreading terror grows.

Princeſs, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall ſcourge rebellion and the rival-boy †:
Thy ſounding arms his Gallick patron hears,
And ſpeeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard deſpair wring from the tyrant's ſoul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath ſubmit
Her impious banners to thy ſacred feet;
Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Feel theſe ſweet realms in thine auſpicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treaſon bite the chain.

Let no black ſcenes affright fair Albion's ſtage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bleſs the earth, and late aſcend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unſung; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings‡, and gives 'em their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy ſiſter-ſeraph, bleſt Maria, waits.

† The Pretender.

‡ She made Charles the Emperor's ſecond ſon King of Spain, who was afterwards Emperor of Germany.

But

But oh! the parting ſtroke! ſome heavenly power
Chear thy ſad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious ſtar appear on high
The faireſt glory of the Weſtern ſky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle ſway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged Bear,
Calm riſing wars, heal the contagious air,
Andreign with peaceful influence to theſouthern ſphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late Queen, when ſhe had broke the French power at Blenheim, aſſerted the right of Charles the preſent Emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and promiſed inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Proteſtant Diſſenters. Thus ſhe appeared the chief ſupport of the Reformation, and the patroneſs of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accompliſhment of thoſe glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muſe cannot ſatisfy herſelf to publiſh this new edition without acknowledging the miſtake of her former preſages; and while ſhe does the world this juſtice, ſhe does herſelf the honour of a voluntary retractation.

Auguſt 1. 1721. I. W.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward Muſe
That dar'd prophetic ſeals to looſe,
(Unſkill'd in fate's Eternal Book)
And the deep characters miſtook.

George is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendors beaming far;
Saw in the Eaſt your joys ariſe,
When Anna ſunk in weſtern ſkies,
Streaking the heavens with crimſon gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence ſooths the Ruſſian Bear,
Calms riſing wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the ſun his beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter bleſſings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the work that Anne forſook.

Auguſt 1. 1721.

To JOHN LOCKE, Eſq. retired from Buſineſs.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our ſouls compoſe,
Their bliſs within their boſom ſprings,
Within their boſom flows.

But narrow minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the coaſts of fleſh and ſenſe,
And fetch diviner pleaſures thence.

Men

Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belye their nobler birth,
Debaſe their honour down to earth,
And claim a ſhare with worms.

He that has treaſures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious mind.
Locke hath a ſoul wide as the ſea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaſt ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To JOHN SHUTE, Esq.

(Afterwards Lord Barrington.)

On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sickneſs, ſome time after he had retired to ſtudy the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

AND muſt the man of wonderous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The wings of Faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the ſkies.

Go,

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light.
Place our true * Interest in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP.

1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

* The Interest of England, written by Mr. Shute.

But

But whilſt in floods our ſorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling ſouls
Serves but to ſwell our woe.

Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte,
And friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond paſſion cling ſo faſt,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death diſſolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

To NATHANAEL GOULD, Eſq. afterwards Sir NATHANAEL GOULD.

1704.

'TIS not by ſplendor, or by ſtate,
Exalted mein, or lofty gait,
My Muſe takes meaſures of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.

Let

Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffic of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the weſtern mines away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun:
While the glad tenants of the ſhore
Shout, and pronounce him ſenator *,
Yet ſtill the man's the ſame:
For well the happy merchant knows
The ſoul with treaſure never grows,
Nor ſwells with airy fame.

But truſt me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To riſe above the mean control
Of fleſh and ſenſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a ſoul.
We ſteer our courſe up through the ſkies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heavenly ſhore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of ſpirit lies,
And beckoning angels ſtand.

* Member of parliament for a port in Suſſex.

To Dr. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

SWIFT as the ſun revolves the day
We haſten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when firſt
The vital bellows heave:
Our fleſh we borrow of the duſt;
And when a mother's care has nurſt
The babe to manly ſize, we muſt
With uſury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian ſhore.
Thus we ſupport our tottering fleſh,
Our cheeks reſume the roſe afreſh,
When bark and ſteel play well their game
To ſave our ſinking breath,
And Gibſon, with his awful power,
Reſcues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

But

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
A despicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on heaven alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to Be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

FALSE

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him bleſt
That only boaſts a large eſtate,
Should all the treaſures of the Weſt
Meet, and conſpire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon can't deſcend ſo low.
Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow ſoul.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore.
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœſus mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

Thus

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Crœſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

To SARISSA.

An EPISTLE.

BEAR up, Sariſſa, through the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Thoſe ragged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the Muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel through a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ſnares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real ſmart,
And the falſe terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vaniſh together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Fare-

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors safe
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Lose them, Sariffa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,

And the laſt ſtroke will come. By ſwift degrees
Time ſweeps us off, and we ſhall ſoon arrive
At life's ſweet period: O celeſtial point
That ends this mortal ſtory!

But if a glimpſe of light with flattering ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidſt the ſhades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithleſs guide,
That leads the loneſome pilgrim wide aſtray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleaſure take an angel-form
And at a diſtance riſe, by ſlow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herſelf into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The juſt delight
That heaven indulges lawful muſt obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In ſlavery to ſenſe, nor ſwell your hope
To dangerous ſize: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To ſit too near your heart: Still may our ſouls
Claim kindred with the ſkies, nor mix with duſt
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A neſt for worms, and haſten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's riſing hills
With beauty and with ſweets; no lurking miſchief
Dwells in the fruit, nor ſerpent twines the boughs;

The

The branches bend laden with life and bliſs
Ripe for the taſte, but 'tis a ſteep aſcent:
Hold faſt the * golden chain let down from heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; faſten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
Through this dark wild! 'Twas wiſdom's nobleſt work,
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

To Mr. T. BRADBURY.

PARADISE.

1708.

YOUNG as I am I quit the ſtage,
Nor will I know th' applauſes of the age;
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt ye, friends, divide and ſhare
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the race.

* The Goſpel.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my ſtay,
And waves his golden rod:
"Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
And now by ſwift degrees
I ſail aloft through azure ſeas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewell, ye planets, in your ſpheres;
And as the ſtars are loſt, a brighter ſky appears.
In haſte for paradiſe
I ſtretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was paſt
Deſerts of trackleſs light and all the ethereal waſte,
And to the ſacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from ſieges and ſurpriſe.

With pleaſing reverence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my ſoul, and view th' amazing ſcenes;
Sit faſt upon the flying Muſe,
And let thy roving wonder looſe
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon ſtands eternal here: here may thy ſight
Drink-in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy muſt beat high in every vein,
Pleaſure through all thy boſom reign;
The laws forbid the ſtranger, pain,
And baniſh every care.

See how the bubbling ſprings of love
Beneath the throne ariſe;
The ſtreams in cryſtal channels move,
Around the golden ſtreets they rove,
And bleſs the manſions of the upper ſkies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor ſin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs freſh on all the boughs,
And ſprings from every root;
Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While extaſy and health attends on every taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood;
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold ſeraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal ſong.
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings.
To mighty ſounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds, like the ſofter viol, ſweet,
And, like the trumpet, ſtrong,
Divine attention held my ſoul,
I was all ear!
Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wiſh'd my Bradbury there;
"Could he but hear theſe notes, I ſaid,
"His tuneful ſoul would never bear

" The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
" But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my ſoul th' unequal honour ſought,
Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I eſſay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion, and diſſolv'd the dream:
I ſunk at once and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around them ſtood my curtains and the night.

STRICT RELIGION very RARE.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the open day
Command the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

" Are theſe the things (my paſſion cry'd)
" That we call men? Are theſe ally'd

" To

" To the fair worlds of light ?
" They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
" Graven on their minds with pointed flame
" In ſtrokes divinely bright.

" Wretches ! they hate their native ſkies ;
" If an ethereal thought ariſe,
" Or ſpark of virtue ſhine,
" With cruel force they damp its plumes,
" Choke the young fire with ſenſual fumes,
" With buſineſs, luſt, or wine.

" Lo ! how they throng with panting breath
" The broad deſcending road
" That leads unerring down to death,
" Nor miſs the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to ſtray upward, and purſue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid ſoul afar ;
Here Dorylus and Thyrſis fly
Each like a riſing ſtar.
Charin I ſaw and Fidea there,
I ſaw them help each other's flight,
And bleſs them as they go ;
They ſoar beyond my labouring ſight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below.

On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and through the lower ſkies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

Acroſs the road a ſeraph flew,
" Mark (ſaid he) that happy pair,
" Marriage helps devotion there:
" When kindred minds their God purſue
" They break with double vigour through
" The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
My ſoul adores and ſings,
" Bleſt be the power that ſprings their flight,
" That ſtreaks their path with heavenly light,
" That turns their love to ſacrifice,
" And joins their zeal for wings."

To Mr. C. and S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Deſpiſe the joys that fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a ſtandard bold and juſt
Honour and gold and paint and duſt;
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!

Titles

Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The ſoul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The ſoul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind, [behind.
Out-lives the mouldering corpſe, and leaves the globe
In limbs of clay though ſhe appears,
Array'd in roſy ſkin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The fleſh is but the ſoul's diſguiſe,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dreſs ſhe wears.
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

Riſe then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of ſouls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and ſolemn is the day,
When this immortal mind
Stript of the body's coarſe array
To endleſs pain, or endleſs joy,
Muſt be at once conſign'd.

Think of the ſands run down to waſte,
We poſſeſs none of all the paſt,

None

None but the preſent is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting ſun.
See the white minutes wing'd with haſte;
The Now that flies may be the laſt;
Seize the ſalvation e'er 'tis paſt,
Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
And drowns you in deſpair.

To WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, Esq.

CASIMIR. Lib. II. Od. 2. imitated.

"Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles," &c.

MARK how it ſnows! how faſt the valley fills!
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm ſun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the vail away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver-froſt, there's no returning ſun;
Swift flies our autumn, ſwift our ſummer's fled,
When youth, and love, and ſpring, and golden joys are gone.

Then

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

The chace of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,

Forms

Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own ſtatutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with ſun-beams and ſet round with ſtars.
A monarch He that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly ſlumbers, and ſecure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In ſquare battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himſelf a numerous hoſt,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveleſs as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleaſure, ſpreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To ſenſual eaſe (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whoſe waxen images of ſouls
Are moulded into ſoftneſs); ſtill his mind
Wears its own ſhape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound;

Nor

Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tower, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom; ſit above the globe
My riſing ſoul, and dreſs thyſelf around
And ſhine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crouding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil, to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my ſong. Forget the ground,
My generous Muſe, and ſit among the ſtars!
There ſing the ſoul, that, conſcious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Among theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character, ſuperior to the fleſh,
She wields her paſſions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This

This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate: yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn deſtiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful ſhapes.

He that unſhrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the firſt wound, may finiſh all the war
With meer courageous ſilence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet, and riſe on high
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain
Mingled with flames, upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation (Souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds); a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a ſigh
He bids his batter'd fleſh lie gently down
Amongſt his native rubbiſh; whilſt the ſpirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted gueſt
Of the third heaven, th' unruinable ſky.

Thither,

Thither, when fate has brought our willing ſouls,
No matter whether 'twas a ſharp diſeaſe,
Or a ſharp ſword that help'd the travellers on,
And puſh'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the ſtormy brine
With ſteady prow; know, we ſhall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliſs.
To which we ever ſteer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've ſpread the ſpacious ſea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank ſhift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap aſhore
Joyful and fearleſs on th' immortal coaſt,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it muſt be loſt.

To the much honoured Mr. THOMAS ROWE, the DIRECTOR of my youthful STUDIES.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

CUSTOM, that tyranneſs of fools,
That leads the learned round the ſchools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius ſtorms her throne:
No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Looſe hands, and quit th' inchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate

I hate these shackles of the mind
  Forg'd by the haughty wife;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
  He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And chuse the channels where they run.

  Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
  The pinions of a single mind
    Will through all nature fly:
  But who can drag up to the poles
  Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?
  A genius which no chain controls
  Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
  Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
    Or travel o'er the sky.

To the Reverend Mr. BENONI ROWE.

The Way of the Multitude.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide
  Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase; and wandering wide
  We miss th' immortal good;

Yet

Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy ſteps, and tread the ſame:
Dreſt in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a ſoul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reaſon never leads the dance;
While in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we ſtray,
To ruin we deſcend, to ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires; ſhe hates the crowd.
And with a decent ſcorn
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy ſeat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet,
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a paſſage worn.

Meer hazard firſt began the track,
Where cuſtom leads her thouſands blind
In willing chains and ſtrong;
There's ſcarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourſelves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a ſavage herd, and loud
As billows on a noiſy flood

In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let * Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

GREAT man, permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

* The name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

A puff

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow duſt is ſolid good;
Thus, like the aſs of ſavage kind,
We ſnuff the breezes of the wind,
Or ſteal the ſerpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But ſtrike one doleful ſound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our ſouls,
Souls that were fram'd of ſprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory ſeek a brutal joy;
How they diſclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright ſubſtance down with droſſy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated ſong,
Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the ſeraphic throng:
" Knowledge and love makes ſpirits bleſt,
" Knowledge their food, and love their reſt;"
But fleſh, th' unmanageable beaſt,
Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes,
And muſic of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind
In reſtleſs windings roam;

Howe hath an ample orb of ſoul,
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Compleats the heaven at home.

The DISAPPOINTMENT and RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impoſe
Upon my better powers:
She caſts ſweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no ſovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood:
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth,
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs haſte,
And rears the nether mud:

Dark-

Darkneſs and nauſeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current, love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaze the heart, and ſorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliſs that charm'd her ſight
Is daſh'd, and drown'd, and loſt:
A ſpark, or glimmering ſtreak at moſt,
Shines here and there, amidſt the night,
Amidſt the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurpriſe,
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe;
And manages with art th' unlucky caſt;
When the lowering frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her ſovereign beauty bow;
Chearful ſhe ſmiles upon the grizly form;
So ſhines the ſetting ſun on adverſe ſkies,
And paints a rainbow on the ſtorm.
Anon ſhe lets the ſullen humour ſpend,
And with a virtuous book, or friend,
Beguiles th' uneaſy hours:
Well-colouring every croſs ſhe meets,
With heart ſerene ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her board with fancy'd ſweets,
And ſtrows her bed with flowers.

The HERO's SCHOOL of MORALITY.

THERON, amongſt his travels, found,
A broken ſtatue on the the ground;
And ſearching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moſs, and ſhades, had overgrown
The ſculpture of the crumbling ſtone,
Yet e'er he paſt, with much ado,
He gueſs'd, and ſpell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates;
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious Recipe's of ſchools,
" To cure ambition: I can learn
" With greater eaſe the great concern
" Of mortals; how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.

" Methinks a mouldering pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid;
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd, and trampled in the road,

" The

" The relicks of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns design'd,
" Toſt for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The towering heights, and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence.———————
"———————————He
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal, now lies torn and dead;
" Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
" Great Pompey! while I meditate,
" With ſolemn horror, thy ſad fate,
" Thy carcaſe, ſcatter'd on the ſhore
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie ſtill, my Plutarch, then, and ſleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further uſe for you:
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a turn among the tombs,
" And ſee whereto all glory comes;

" There the vile foot of every clown
" Tramples the ſons of honour down.
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
" And tread the Caſars in the dirt."

FREEDOM.

1697.

TEMPT me no more. My ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlaveries of a court;
I've an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal-ſouls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves: and when he loiters, ſtand;
You're but the ſhadows of a man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of ſound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he ſmiles: But lo, the idol frown'd
And drove them to their fate.

Thus baſe-born minds: but as for Me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain, or ſome ſtately tree,
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand, and as I go,
It keeps my body ſo;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,

I can.

I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free.

Thus my bold harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy ſhade
I hung my harp aloft, myſelf beneath it laid.
Nature that liſten'd to my ſtrain,
Reſum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden roſe a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the ſtraws and feathers crowd,
Types of a ſlaviſh mind;
Upwards the ſtormy forces riſe,
The duſt flies up and climbs the ſkies,
And as the tempeſt fell th' obedient vapours ſank:
Again it roars with bellowing ſound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the aſp, trembled and kiſs'd the ground:
Hard by there ſtood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all th' ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's ſtroke.

On

On Mr. LOCKE's Annotations upon ſeveral Parts of the NEW TESTAMENT, left behind him at his Death.

THUS reaſon learns by ſlow degrees,
What faith reveals; but ſtill complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkneſs from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of thoſe bright myſteries
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble ſight.

Reaſon could ſcare ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſt in glories ſo unknown.
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, ſpeak, and ſay
Did ever mind of mortal race
Coſt thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make ſo rich a ſoul ſubmit,
And lay her ſhining honours at thy ſovereign feet.

Siſter

Sifter of faith, fair charity,
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he fees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleft powers in deep proftration lie
At the myfterious throne.
" Forgive, he cries, ye faints below,
" The wavering and the cold aflent
" I gave to themes divinely true;
" Can you admit the bleffed to repent?
" Eternal darknefs vail the lines
" Of that unhappy book,
" Where glimmering reafon with falfe luftre fhines,
" Where the mortal pen miftook
" What the celeftial meant!"

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can fay,
I've poffefs'd myfelf to day:
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my flefh, and ftop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I fhall be
Heir to the beft part of me.

Glittering ftones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:

Riches

Riches that the world beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf awhole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeleſs grows;
On the ſame young flowery tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into ſolid truth;
Here refin'd, of noble taſte;
Souls is feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here in a green and ſhady grove,
Streams of pleaſure mix with love:
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome amazing top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There

There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Then the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts, or horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days and more.

Yet the ſilly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence:
Or ſhe ſits at fancy's door,
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows to her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a ſtranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt, or Tyrian dye,

Never

Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through riſing deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wonderous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor * Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell notes to ſing.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulfing ſand
Climbing the liquid mountains of the ſkies
She meets deſcending angels as ſhe flies,
Nor aſks them where their country lies,
Or where the ſea-marks ſtand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She ſprings, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white ſails aloft, and ſteers,
With bold and ſafe attempt, to the celeſtial land.

* A French Critick.

† An Engliſh maſter of muſic.

Whilſt

Whilſt little ſkiffs along the mortal ſhores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coaſting in ſight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundleſs deep,
Such low pretending ſouls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in ſolid orbs of ſkull;
Plodding along their ſober way,
The ſnail o'ertakes them in their wildeſt play,
While the poor labourers ſweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whoſe diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlaſting hills,
And loſe the clouds below, and leave the ſtars behind,
Give me the Muſe whoſe generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Purſues an unattempted courſe,
Breaks all the criticks iron chains,
And bears to paradiſe the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells: The mortal ſung
Themes not preſum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, ſhine
In every page, and flying ſcenes divine
Surpriſe the wondering ſenſe, and draw our ſouls along.
Behold his Muſe ſent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of Chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,

Through

Through fields of heavenly war, and ſeraphs overthrown,
Where his adventurous genius led:
Sovereign ſhe fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verſe ſublime,
A monument too high for coupled ſounds to climb.
He mourn'd the garden loſt below;
(Earth is the ſcene for tuneful woe)
Now bliſs beats high in all his veins,
Now the loſt Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd ſtrains.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael ſings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heaven ſits ſilent, while to his ſovereign ſtrings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Acroſs the golden lyre:
From every note devotion ſprings.
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erſpread the liſtening choir.

To

To Mr. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

'TWAS in a vale where oſiers grow
By murmuring ſtreams we told our woe.
And mingled all our cares:
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews ariſe,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day
Now mounting half his morning way
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still ſickening, and decaying ſtill,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obſcur'd his gold
Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flowery vales in mourning lay,
In mourning ſtood the hills.

Such are our ſorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd ſouls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Diſtempering fogs have climb'd the ſpheres,
And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
New-brightening all the ſkies:
But ſay, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipſe be gone,
Or when our ſuns ariſe?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkneſs fly:
But drugs would raiſe the dead as ſoon,
Or clattering braſs relieve the moon,
When fainting in the ſky.

Some friendly ſpirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurſt with love,
Aſſiſt our feebler fires:
Force theſe invading glooms away;
Souls ſhould be ſeen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs muſt damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, diſſolve our frame,
Releaſe the priſoner-mind:
Our ſouls ſhall mount, at thy diſcharge,
To their bright ſource, and ſhine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The AFFLICTIONS of a FRIEND.

1702.

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your ſorrows ſwell my heart ſo high,
They leave my own no room.

Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight,
And all the ſoul invades:
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the evening ſhades.

Thus am I born to be unbleſt!
This ſympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T'admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the priſoner ſtill.

Why was this life for miſery made?
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

Move faſter on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

Be duſky, all my riſing ſuns,
Nor ſmile upon a ſlave:
Darkneſs, and death, make haſte at once
To hide me in the grave.

The Reverse: Or, The Comforts of a Friend.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the ſorrow and the ſong,
And, ſmiling, thus ſhe ſaid:

Were kindred ſpirits born for cares?
Muſt every grief be mine?
Is there a ſympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuſe to join?

Forbid it, heaven, and raiſe my love,
And make our joys the ſame;
So bliſs and friendſhip join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are loſt in vaſt delight
That brightens all the ſoul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the duſky pole.

Pleaſures

Pleaſures in long ſucceſſion reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendſhip but ſhifts the pleaſing ſcene,
And freſh repeats the joy.

Life has a ſoft and ſilver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaſter hopes perſuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

Faſt as ye pleaſe roll down the hill,
And haſte away, my years;
Or I can wait my father's will,
And dwell beneath the ſpheres.

Riſe glorious, every future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By well-diſtinguiſh'd rays.

To the Right Honourable JOHN Lord CUTTS.

At the Siege of Namur.

The HARDY SOLDIER.

" O WHY is man ſo thoughtleſs grown?
" Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
" Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
" Heedleſs to arms and blood they fly.

" Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
" Why will ye join ſuch wide extremes,
" And ſtake immortal ſouls, in play
" At deſperate chance, and bloody games?

" Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
" Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot!
" Secure of life above the ſtars.

" But frenzy dares eternal fate,
" And, ſpurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
" Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
" And force a paſſage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraſo left the moving ſtrains,
And vow'd to pray before the ſtorm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries;
Then ſwears by heaven, and ſcales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, deſpairs, and dies.

Burning ſeveral Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

1708.

I JUDGE the Muſe of lewd deſire;
Her ſons to darkneſs, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting ſtrain, now with an heavenly flight,
Would

Would tempt my virtue to approve
Thoſe gaudy tinders of a lawleſs love.
So harlots dreſs: They can appear
Sweet, modeſt, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging ſin.

Die, Flora, die in endleſs ſhame,
Thou proſtitute of blackeſt fame,
Stript of thy falſe array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern luſt, who gild our ſcenes,
Poiſon the Britiſh ſtage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your miſtreſs to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps ſhould wait upon her ſhade.

Strephon *, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever ſhine his name!)
As death approach'd, his ſoul refin'd,
And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd with ſacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
"So vile the Muſe, and yet the man forgiven!)
"Burn on my ſongs: For not the ſilver Thames
"Nor Tyber with his yellow ſtreams
"In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poiſon, or waſh out the ſtain."

* Earl of Rocheſter.

So Moſes by divine command
Forbid the leprous houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal ſpot was grown.
" Break down the timber, and dig up the ſtone."

To Mrs. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS.

1699.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away;
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

Thus

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miſcries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face:
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Aug. 1701.

SAY mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into thy chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not

Not ſordid ſouls of earthy mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T'improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,

The

The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For Love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet,
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

An EPISTLE.

Dec. 1702.

LET uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
Polhill ſhould leave a country ſeat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent*, nor Suſſex*, ſhould have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

* His country-ſeat and dwelling.

Lewis,

Lewis, by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a * baſe-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your ſword!

Factions amongſt the † Britons riſe,
And warring tongues, and wild ſurmiſe,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd, " 'tis of diviner weight,
" To ſave the ſteeple, than the ſtate."

The bold ‡ machine is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandſire ſhades with jealous eye
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

If || Trevia fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt § Petition for the land.

* The Pretender, proclaim'd King in France.

† The parliament.

‡ The bill againſt occaſional conformity, 1702.

|| Mrs. Polhill of the family of Lord Trevor.

§ Mr. Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who preſented the famous Kentiſh petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to haſten their ſupplies in order to ſupport the King in his war with France.

The

The celebrated Victory of the POLES over OSMAN the TURKISH EMPEROR in the Dacian Battle.

Tranſlated from Caſimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the ſtrong,
Chearful in years (nor of the heroic Muſe
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair poſſeſſions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy ſprings
Smil'd on his ſeed, and ſeventy harveſt-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he reſum'd the toil: and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In graſſy furrows, the torn earth diſclos'd
Helmets, and ſwords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in ruſt) and heaps of mighty bones.
The ſun deſcending to the weſtern deep
Bid him lie down and reſt; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon ſong.
Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove ſecure,
Or feed beſide me; taſte the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the ſweet herb,
And graze in ſafety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his ſpear, and breathes; yet ſtill his eye

Jealous

Jealous and fierce. How large, old ſoldier, ſay,
How fair a harveſt of the ſlaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vaſt deſtruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs hills,
And coats of ſcaly ſteel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dreſs:)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In auguſt port, and regular array,
Led on to conqueſt: Here the Turkiſh chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual, dreſt in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears; when poliſh'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning War
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt, ſtood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd a while
By wiſe command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And ſcymiter and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field

Loud

Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulphurous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins anſwer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hiſſing death: With adverſe edge
The crooked faulchions met; and hideous noiſe
From claſhing ſhields, through the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe: and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains,
Or ſo torment the ear. Scarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor, when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous craſh, rolls down the rugged cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills,
Such was the noiſe of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood
And ſweat and duſt array the broad campaign
In horror: haſty feet, and ſparkling eyes,

And

And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more surprising brightness
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with lesser wings.

But what the Dahets or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Of Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream

Rocks,

Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty foreſts headlong to the plain.

The bold Boruſſian ſmoking from afar
Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhowers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal ſtorm,
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war,
And ruſh on the ſharp point; while baleful miſchiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers flew acroſs the field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 'twas unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory, and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh moons
Wander'd in diſarray. A dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver creſcent, boding night,
Long night, to all her ſons: at length diſrob'd
The ſtandards fell: the barbarous enſigns torn
Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry heaven:
And a large cloud of infantry and horſe
Scattering in wild diſorder, ſpread the plain.

Not noiſe, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built ſize prevails: 'Tis courage fights,

'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle axe,
And ſteel well-ſharpned: ſo a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thouſand doves.

Vaſt was the ſlaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimſon. Veteran bands
Here made their laſt campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron ſlumbers, and long night.
Their ghoſts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fall'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lunes or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood; to the Warſovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen poll-axe flew
With ſpeedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In ſwift affright a thouſand different ways [mountains
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy
Bellowing; yet haſty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire proſpect diſtant fill'd my ſoul
With awe; till the laſt relicks of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly plain: I took a nearer view,

Unſeemly

Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs
(A diſmal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltering on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves ſtill ſhivering, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain! Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud
Torn with freſh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to ſuſtain
Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll: his teeth,
Gnaſhing with anguiſh, chide his lingering fate.
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Amongſt the neighbouring dead; they round their lord
Lay proſtrate; ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richeſt Ott'man blood
Extended on the field: in friendſhip join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in ſhowers of darts they fell,
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of javelins; ſome, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſion

Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a ſacrifice to hoſtile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the ſight that wiſh'd the ſouls
Of thoſe fair infidels ſome humble place
Among the bleſt. " Sleep, ſleep, ye hapleſs pair,
" Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate,
" And better faith." Hard by the General lay,
Of Saracen deſcent, a grizly form
Breathleſs, yet pride ſat pale upon his front
In diſappointment, with a ſurly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Poliſh ſpear:
In that dead viſage my remembrance reads
Raſh Caraccas: In vain the boaſting ſlave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the ſultan threatening fierce
With royal ſuppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warſovian ſilk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Inſulting hopes! with what an awful ſmile
Laughs at the proud, that looſen all the reins
To their unbounded wiſhes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a ſhameful end!

But whither am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs bulls
What generous horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my ſong;
My barbarous Muſe, be ſtill: Immortal deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtic verſe:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,

And

And growing fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the fight
In ſounds of glory. Lo, the evening-ſtar
Shines o'er the weſtern hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known ſtar invites the labourer home.

To Mr. HENRY BENDYSH.

Aug. 24, 1705.

Dear Sir,

THE following ſong was yours when firſt compoſed: The Muſe then deſcribed the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now ſhe rejoices that you have eſcaped the common miſchief, and that your ſoul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more compleat likeneſs and love: Perſevere, and be happy.

I perſuade myſelf you will accept from the preſs what the pen more privately inſcribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain leſt you ſhould take offence at the fabulous dreſs of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be ſcandalized at it, if they would give themſelves leave to reflect how many divine truths are ſpoken by the holy writers in viſions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiſer friends aſhamed to defend it, ſince the narrative is grave and the moral ſo juſt and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3. 1701.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendyſh, 'tis ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wonderous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Riſen with his God, the Sun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

"He

" He ſang th' eternal rolling flame,
" The vital maſs, that ſtill the ſame
" Does all our minds compoſe :
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames ;
" Thence differing ſouls of differing names,
" And jarring tempers roſe.

" The mighty power that form'd the mind
" One mould for every two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new-born pair :
" This be a match for this : (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
" To ſeek them bodies here :

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loſt their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands :
" Ah cruel chance, and croſſing fates !
" Our Eaſtern ſouls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life :
" But oh the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife !"

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard ;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,

While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fair,
" Or distant seas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

The HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light, is Myron's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In manly beauty shines his face;
Every Muse, and every Grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun!
Behold the race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor Fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the prize;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.

" Airy

" Airy bliſs (the hero cry'd)
" May feed the tympany of pride ;
" But healthy ſouls were never found
" To live on emptineſs and ſound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears ;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years ;
Bleſſings with laviſh hand ſhe pours
Gather'd from the Indian coaſt ;
Not Danae's lap could equal treaſures boaſt,
When Jove came down in golden ſhowers.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high diſdain I heard him ſay,
" Bliſs is not made of glittering clay."

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With ſcutcheons, arms, and enſigns ſpread ;
Gay magnificence and ſtate,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And ſlaves in endleſs order round his table wait :
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that Grandeur brings,
He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings,

Then,

Then, flying from the noiſy throng,
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

Muſic deſcending on a ſilent cloud,
Tun'd all her ſtrings with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe: The harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to ſalute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich Wine, and ſcenes of lawleſs Love
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But ſounding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep, or lull his ſoul to reſt.

He ſaw the tedious round, and, with a ſigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful ſolitude of mind.
" A vacancy within which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply.
" Hence, and be gone, ye flattering ſnares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promiſers!
" Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
" And baſe deſires, by nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a reliſh more refin'd,
" Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd,
" Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."

Myrrha

Myrrha appear'd: " Serene her ſoul
" And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
" In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
" Every Muſe, and every Grace,
" Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
" Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
" Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;"
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before:
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
" Enough! (th' impatient hero cries)
" And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt,
" I ſeek no more below the ſkies,
" I give my ſlaves the reſt."

To DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

An Anſwer to an infamous Satyr, called, " ADVICE TO A PAINTER;" written by a nameleſs Author, againſt King William III, of Glorious Memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this ſatyr into my hand, you gave me the occaſion of employing my pen to anſwer ſo deteſtable a writing; which might be done much

much more effectually by your known zeal for the intereſt of his majeſty, your counſels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And ſince you provoked me to write, you will accept of thoſe efforts of my loyalty to the beſt of kings, addreſſed to one of the moſt zealous of his ſubjects, by

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND muſt the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and ſcandal ſtand?
The man of wondrous ſoul, that ſcorn'd his eaſe,
Tempting the winters, and the faithleſs ſeas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Iriſh knife,
And cruſh the French dragoon? Muſt William's name,
That brighteſt ſtar that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes of tyranny and luſt?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep! Or are your paſſions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the Poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?

Auda-

Audacious wretch! to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be ſhown
Under no ſhape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the Britiſh throne.

O! could my thought but graſp the vaſt deſign,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouſe Apelles, from his iron ſleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the ſlain,
Scattering juſt vengeance through the red campaign.
Then daſh the canvas with a flying ſtroke,
Till it be loſt in clouds of fire and ſmoke,
And ſay, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the ſquadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he ſtood
His country's ſingle barrier in a ſea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleaſures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilſt alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But heaven ſecures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his ſhield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our iſle,
Mark how the ſkies with joyful luſtre ſmile,

Then

Then imitate the glory; on the ſtrand
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Waſh off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a ſaint.
Throne him on high upon a ſhining ſeat,
Luſt and prophaneneſs dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet;
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flowery bleſſings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the Engliſh laws
In ſacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wiſe and juſt commands———
Riſe, ye old ſages of the Britiſh iſle,
On the fair tablet caſt a reverend ſmile,
And bleſs the piece; theſe ſtatutes are your own,
That ſway the cottage, and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the ſame.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the reſt her ſtarry pinions ſpread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mein;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The juſt, the bold, the temperate and the wiſe
Dwell in his looks; majeſtic, but ſerene;
Sweet, with no fondneſs; chearful, but not vain:
Bright, without terror; great, without diſdain.

His

His ſoul inſpires us what his lips command,
And ſpreads his brave example through the land:
Not ſo the former reigns;———
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treaſures of his ſacred breaſt
Are too divine, too vaſt to be expreſt:
Colours muſt fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

NOW, Muſe, purſue the ſatyriſt again,
Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the ſervile painter draw,
In monſtrous ſhapes, the patrons of our law;
At one ſlight daſh he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honeſty and fame;
This ſcribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots ſudden bolts promiſcuous at the baſe and brave,
And with unpardonable malice ſheds
Poiſon and ſpite on undiſtinguiſh'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw firſt this poet, like ſome baleful ſtar,
With ſilent influence ſhedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whoſe magic ſound
Calls off the ſubjects to the hoſtile ground,
And ſcatters helliſh feuds the nation round.

Theſe

Theſe are the imps of hell, that curſed tribe
That firſt create the plague, and then the pain deſcribe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our iſle,
Still from the good diſtinguiſhing the vile;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the ſubjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation ſold,
And tinge their greedy looks with ſordid gold.
Mark what a ſelfiſh faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous deſigns,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Naſſau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majeſty, look gently down,
Mingling ſoft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to ſee how long in vain he ſtrove
To make us bleſt, how vain his labours prove
To ſave the ſtubborn land he condeſcends to love.

To the DISCONTENTED and UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Caſimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearieſome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With ſhort poſſeſſion tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Juſt from the window to the bed,

We

We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But Fancy, that uneaſy gueſt,
Still holds a longing in our breaſt:
She finds or frames vexations ſtill.
Herſelf the greateſt plague we feel,
We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife,
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track; and ſtill, and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the ſame caſement every night.

We ſhift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit faint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,

Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But Humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: She is hurry'd ſtill,
'Twixt her wild paſſions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams, and ſilent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind.
Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,
Over the deſart or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying ſails.

Happy the ſoul that virtue ſhows
To fix the place of her repoſe,
Needleſs to move; for ſhe can dwell
In her old grandfire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home.
And eaſy on a native throne
Of humble turf ſits gently down.

Yet ſhould tumultuous ſtorms ariſe,
And mingle earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Should the waves ſwell, and make her roll
Acroſs the line, or near the pole,
Still ſhe's at peace; for well ſhe knows
To launch the ſtream that duty ſhows,
And makes her home where'er ſhe goes.
Bear her, ye ſeas, upon your breaſt,
Or waft her, winds, from Eaſt to Weſt
On the ſoft air; ſhe cannot find
A couch ſo eaſy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half ſo kind.

To JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

(Afterwards Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.)

Caſimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

"Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ," &c.

July, 1780.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the ſun look down and ſay,
"Inglorious here he lies;"
Shake off your eaſe, and ſend your name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth's a ſoft ſcene, but truſt her not:
Her airy minutes, ſwift as thought,

Slide off the ſlippery ſphere ;
Moons with their months make haſty rounds,
The ſun has paſs'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dreſs in green and red,
And gird her waſte with flowing gold,
Knit bluſhing roſes round her head,
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering roſe,
And the pale gold how dim it ſhows !

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream ;
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream,
The pleaſures that the ſmiling day
With large right hand beſtows,
Falſely her left conveys away,
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play,
And cheat her ſilly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create ;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,

The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſt hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive-
-down fiercely on the goal.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea,
When ſails, and oars, and labouring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt
And grow for future years.

To THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Caſimire, Book IV. Ode 12. imitated.

"Quid me latentem," &c.

1700.

THE noiſy world complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their ſight, and flee
Viſits, and crowds, and company.
Gunſton, the lark dwells in her neſt
Till ſhe aſcend the ſkies;
And in my cloſet I could reſt
Till to the heavens I riſe.

Yet they will urge, " This private life
" Can never make you bleſt,
" And twenty doors are ſtill at ſtrife
" T'engage you for a gueſt."
Friend, ſhould the towers of Windſor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But ſhort ſhould be my ſtay,
Since a diviner ſervice waits
T'employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myſelf retreat,
I ſhut my doors againſt the great;
My buſy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various ſcenes of my retiring ſoul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful ſtrife,
Whether this Opera of life
Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

There's a day haſtening, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great ſovereign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak, and all we do,
The ſeveral parts we act on this wide ſtage of clay:
Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.

O if

O if the judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be happy though unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

I hate the Glory, friend, that ſprings
From vulgar breath, and empty ſound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till Envy ſhoots, and Fame receives the wound:
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls, and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame;
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet obſcurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if ſociety be due
To keep our taſte of pleaſure new,
Gunſton, I'd live and die with you,
For both our ſouls are one.

Here we could ſit and paſs the hour,
And pity kingdoms, and their kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining things,
Their toys of ſtate, and images of power;
Virtue ſhould dwell within our ſeat,
Virtue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is herſelf ſecure, but in a cloſe retreat.

While ſhe withdraws from public praiſe,
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,
Envy itſelf may innocently gaze
At beauty in a vail:
But if ſhe once advance to light,
Her charms are loſt in Envy's ſight,
And Virtue ſtands the mark of univerſal ſpight.

To JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.
(Afterwards Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.)

THE DISDAIN.

1700.

HARTOPP, I love the ſoul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the ſtars, and ſmile divine
Upon an heir ſo great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild ſcenes of buſy life,
The noiſe, th' amuſements, and the ſtrife,
Are but the viſions of the night,
Gay phantoms of deluſive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

Fleſh is the vileſt and the leaſt
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beaſt,
Or quit the manly name.

Pleaſures

Pleaſures of ſenſe we leave for boys;
Be ſhining duſt the miſer's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noiſe,
Souls muſt purſue diviner joys,
And ſeize th' immortal good.

To MITIO, my FRIEND.

An EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you, ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the compleateſt happineſs on earth: But you will quickly diſcover, that the Muſe in the firſt poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the ſocial life. In the ſecond, perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and things ſet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenſure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the moſt important concerns of human nature in verſe, and that with a ſolemnity becoming the argument. I have baniſh d grimace and ridicule, that perſons of the moſt ſerious character may read without offence. What was written ſeveral years ago to yourſelf is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may aſſume it to yourſelf as a private entertainment ſtill, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

The

The MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy: This globe the ſtage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ſtrong machines,
Gay fields, and ſkies, and ſeas: The actors many:
The plot immenſe: A flight of dæmons ſit
On every ſailing cloud with fatal purpoſe;
And ſhoots acroſs the ſcenes ten thouſand arrows
Perpetual and unſeen, headed with pain,
With ſorrow, infamy, diſeaſe, and death.
The pointed plagues fly ſilent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet ſure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wiſhes an aſſociate. Lo ſhe glides
Single through all the ſtorm, and more ſecure;
Leſs are her dangers, and her breaſt receives
The feweſt darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
"My ſiſter, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing ſoul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the miſchiefs
"That rove promiſcuous o'er the mortal ſtage:
"Children, thoſe dear young limbs, thoſe tendereſt pieces
"Of your own fleſh, thoſe little other ſelves,
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimenſions,
"And ſoften every fibre to improve
"The mother's ſad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too; though heaven has choſe
"A fa-

" A favourite mate for him, of all her ſex
" The pride and flower: How bleſt the lovely pair,
" Beyond expreſſion, if well mingled loves
" And woes well mingled could improve our bliſs!
" Amidſt the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the huſband; flattering names,
" That ſpread his title, and enlarge his ſhare
" Of common wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but every hour
" Renews the diſappointment and the ſmart.
" There not a wound afflicts the meaneſt joint
" Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmoſt ſoul.
" Strange is thy power, O Love! what numerous veins,
" And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and faſten'd to a lover's heart,
" By ſtrong but ſecret ſtrings! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of nature and of blood;
" Thoſe hidden threads maintain the dear communion
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
" Reciprocal give endleſs ſympathy
" In all the bitters and the ſweets of life.
" Thrice happy man, if pleaſure only knew
" Theſe avenues of love to reach our ſouls,
" And pain had never found them!"

Thus ſang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnia came,
And oft Narciſſus, rivals of her heart,

Luring

Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The chearful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: The region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms

Of

Of dear diſquietude, and round thine ears
Whiſper ten thouſand dangers, endleſs woes,
Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Through every vein. Speak, does the ſtranger Muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion; leſt they ſpoil
Thy new-born pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his Exit final.

But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-ſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion, and the herd

Of

Of savage men? So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd faulcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood ———— ————

The SECOND PART: Or, The Bright Vision.

THUS far the Muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: The pensive Muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love: But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery: Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss: Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come

With

With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,
Nor malice forky-tongued. On this dear ſpot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation
To act thy part of life, ſerene and bleſt
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a viſion of that happy grove
Where the firſt authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in ſweet partnerſhip! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the taſted bliſs (imprudent pair!)
For ſin, and ſhame, and this waſte wilderneſs
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wiſhing Muſe new-dreſſes the fair garden
Amid this deſert-world, with budding bliſs,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flowery beauties
Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dews
Nightly deſcending ſhall impearl the graſs
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the ſpires: The ſpicy vapours
Riſe with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking ſenſes with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambroſial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the ſtructure of your clay.
On this new paradiſe the cloudleſs ſkies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unſully'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) meaſures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon

In

In milder rays ſerene, ſhould nightly riſe
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with ſilver joys,
And ſtill forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praiſe on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening-bough, ſhall join your worſhip,
Join your ſweet veſpers, and the morning ſong.

O ſacred ſymphony! Hark, through the grove
I hear the ſound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all extaſy; unknown delight!
And the fair Muſe proclaims the heaven below.

Not the ſeraphic minds of high degree
Diſdain converſe with men: Again returning
I ſee th' ethereal hoſt on downward wing.
Lo, at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taſte their banquet, learn the nobler pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven: (So Milton ſings, enlightened bard!
Nor miſs'd his eyes, when in ſublimeſt ſtrain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's ſons high favour'd.) Thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial leſſons from his awful tongue;
And with ſoft grace and interwoven loves

(Grateful

(Grateful digreſſion) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus with divine diſcourſe, in ſhady bowers
Of Eden, our firſt father entertain'd
Eve his ſole auditreſs; and deep diſpute
With conjugal careſſes on her lip
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates ſeated low
On humble turf, with roſe and myrtle ſtrow'd;
But high their conference! how ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendors unſufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abaſement deep they fall
Before his Sovereign Majeſty, to pay
Due worſhip: Then his mercy on their ſouls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but ſovereign ſtill;
And leads their meditation and diſcourſe
Long ages backward, and acroſs the ſeas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the ſon,
The filial godhead, character expreſs
Of brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made deſcent to earth:
Sprung from the ſons of Adam he became
A ſecond father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt paradiſe for men, and purchaſe heaven.

The lovers with indearment mutual thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgement ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſofteſt ſtrains.
" She ſang the Infant God; (myſterious theme!)
" How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
" The ox and aſs his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the ſhepherds flock around,
" Saluting the great mother, and adore
" Iſrael's anointed King, the appointed heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal ſtate; for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
" Miniſtering round their charge with folded wings
" Obſequious, though unſeen; while lightſome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening roſe.
" Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From buſy phantoms, from infectious damps,
" And impure taint; while their ambroſial plumes
" A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
" Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers ſung
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
" And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy. Then
" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy morn

" Smiles

" Smiles in the Eaſt with eye-lids opening fair,
" But not ſo fair as thine; O I could fold Thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
" For ever in theſe arms! For ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And every pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphic love!
" Around my ſeat ſhould crouding cherubs come
" With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their prince, and form a heaven below the ſky.

" Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
" Of female-fondneſs, and forgive the man
" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay juſt worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus, the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the careſſes of her ſofter ſex;
(Vain blandiſhment!) " Come, turn thine eyes aſide
" From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful ſteep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked ſculls
" Pave the ſad road, and fright the traveller.
" Can my Beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
" Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy ſins and mine
" (Horrible load!) the ſinful Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire

" This infinite design. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man:
" Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
" In second ruin rages and despairs;
" Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
" Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release,
" And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive
" Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
In heaven; and seal'd on earth with God's own blood.
Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And, spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love

His

His name. " Then, my Chariſſa, all is thine.
" And thine, my Mitio, the fair ſaint replies.
" Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
" And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
" And paſt, and preſent; for our intereſt ſtands
" Firm in our myſtic head, the title ſure.
" 'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment, (while
" We ſojourn ſtrangers here) the fruitful earth
" Bears plenteous; and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
" Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament.
" For us this chearful ſun and chearful light
" Diurnal ſhine. This blue expanſe of ſky
" Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
" Covering our ſlumbers, all with ſtarry gold
" Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
" For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
" Her wheels in motion: and her fabrick ſtands.
" Glories beyond our ken of mortal ſight
" Are now preparing, and a manſion fair
" Awaits us, where the ſaints unbody'd live.
" Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from ſin:
" Thither our hearts with moſt inceſſant wiſh
" Panting aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt hour
" Shine and releaſe us hence, and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home?"

O bleſt connubial ſtate! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls
Who ſeek their faithful twins! Your pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,

Fervent as glorious noon, ſerenely calm
As ſummer-evenings. The vile ſons of earth
Groveling in duſt with all their noiſy jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions with unrival'd ſway
Mutual and everlaſting: Friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But every paſſage open as the day
To one another's breaſt, and inmoſt mind.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely glow.

The THIRD PART: Or,

The Account balanced.

SHOULD ſovereign love before me ſtand,
With all his train of pomp and ſtate,
And bid the daring Muſe relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not aſk the ſand
For metaphors t' expreſs their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the ſtars.

Thy

Thy cares and comforts, ſovereign Love,
Vaſtly out-weigh the ſand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the ſtars above.
Thy mighty loſſes and thy gains
Are their own mutual meaſures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleaſures.

Say, Damon, ſay, how bright the ſcene,
Damon is half-divinely bleſt,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breaſt,
Without a jealous thought, or buſy care between:
Then the ſweet paſſions mix and ſhare;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy ſoul's remoteſt part
Conceal a thought or wiſh from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleaſures fly,
When friendſhip all-ſincere grows up to ecſtacy,
Nor ſelf contracts the bliſs, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee ſit,
Or ſporting innocently at thy feet
Thy kindeſt thoughts engage:
Thoſe little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

But ſhort is earthly bliſs! The changing wind
Blows from the ſickly South, and brings
Malignant fevers on its ſultry wings,
Relentleſs death ſits cloſe behind:

Now gaſping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans ſalutes his ears,
Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While ſweet and bitter are at ſtrife
In thoſe dear miſeries of life,
Thoſe tendereſt pieces of his bleeding ſoul.
The pleaſing ſenſe of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ake may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till ſorrows like a gloomy deluge riſe,
Then every ſmiling paſſion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and ſolitary waits the ſlow-returning light.

Here then let my ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſt
When I the laws of Love obey:
Let but my pleaſure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year,
Since half the year is day.

On the DEATH of the DUKE of GLOUCESTER, just after Mr. DRYDEN.

AN EPIGRAM.

1700.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could ſing
The full-grown glories of a future king.
Now Gloſter dies: Thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that Poets give;
And ſcarce revive the Muſe: But William ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the Poet's hands,
William ſhall ſhine without a Dryden's praiſe,
His laurels are not graſted on the bays.

An EPIGRAM of MARTIAL to CIRINUS.

" Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
" Ut mecum poſſis," &c.

INSCRIBED to MR. JOSIAH HORTE. Lord Biſhop of KILMORE* in IRELAND.

1694.

SO ſmooth your numbers, friend, your verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the jeſt, and yet the turn ſo neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your ſenſe and thought to mine.
Yet modeſt you decline the public ſtage,
To fix your friend alone amidſt th' applauding age,

* Afterwards Archbiſhop of Tuam.

So

So Maro did; the mighty Maro ſings
In vaſt heroic notes of vaſt heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' ſtrings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flaſh'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could ſilence all the Lyric quire.
So to his Varius he reſign'd the praiſe
Of the proud buſkin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And ſing of Gods and Heroes in a bolder ſtrain.

A handſome treat, a piece of gold, or ſo,
And compliments will every friend beſtow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tendereſt point of honour, Wit.

EPISTOLA

Fratri ſuo dilecto R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande, frater, accepi literas, eodem fortaſsè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te ſcribentem vidit dies, meum ad epiſtolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane eſt inter nos Fraternum Nomen, unicus enim ſpiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, & concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam creſcat indies, & vigeſcat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor ſui noſtra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga

erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud & adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, & in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum,

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
Amplexus solitosve: Artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
" Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
" Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."

Dixit, & horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus, (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pevefacta silet.) Jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus

* Job iv. 6.

Restat

Reſtat, compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus
* Purpureo veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat ignes
Acriter, & ſomno languentem ſuſcitat † enſem:
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue ſacro
" Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea ſpicula, latè
" Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina Chriſtum,
" Immenſum tolerare valet; ad pondere pœnæ
" Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulciet incola Numen.
" Et tu ſacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
" Permiſtus Deitate Cruor."———

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque ſinus; ſancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, ſævis avidas dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem ſcrutator, & ilia mordet;
Intereà ſervator ‡ ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illuſtri § perfuſus membra cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris Honos, & non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miſeros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœleſtia?

* Luke xxii. 44. † Zech. xiii. 7. ‡ Col. ii. 15.
§ Luke xxii. 24.

At

At ſubſidat phantaſia, vaneſcant imagines; neſcio quo me proripuit amens Muſa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus aſtringere, & ecce! numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læſerit, & audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata eſt ad me epiſtola indicans matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſeruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluêre plura, & coarctârunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, & in ſtudio pietatis & artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à Muſeo meo Londini xvto Kalend. Febr.

Anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo.

Sept. 30, 1691.

I FELIX, pede proſpero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cærula
Pandas carbaſa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis,

Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhoſpita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum chaos.
Nec te ſorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec ſcopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; & zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et ſævum boream domas.
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem ſuis.

Ad Reverendum Virum
Dm JOHANNEM PINHORNE,
Fidum Adoleſcentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen.

1694.

ET te, Pinhorni, Muſa Triſantica
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aſpera greſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe manu.

Tuo

Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridæn iter :
En altus aſſurgens Homerus
Arma deoſque viroſque miſcens
Occupat æthereum Parnaſſi culmen : Homeri
Immenſos ſtupeo manes——
Te, Maro, dulcè canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ ;
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita Thura Lyræ.
Vobis, magna trias ! clariſſima nomina ſemper
Scrinia noſtra patent, & pectora noſtra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia & horam
Divina Moſis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipſa pudendas
Deponat veneres : venias ſed * " purus & inſons
" Ut te collaudem, dum ſordes & mala luſtra"
Ablutus, Venuſine, canis rideſve. Reciſæ
Hâc lege accedant ſatyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcuros vates, niſi lumina circum-
-fuſa forent, ſphingiſque ænigmata, Bonde, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans Senecæ fulmen, grandiſque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambabus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos : improba tinea

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

At

Obiit, nec audat fæva caſtas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, ſtercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Inſulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata caſtis carmina, & improbi
Spurcos Naſonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
En Buchananus adeſt. Divini pſaltis imago
Jeſſiadæ ſalveto; potens ſeu numinis iras
Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ ſono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi aſtabis ſocius perennis,
Seu levi menſæ ſimul aſſidere
Dignabere, ſeu lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos ſuadebis inire ſomnos
Sacra ſopitis ſuperinferens ob-
livia curis,
Stet juxtà * Caſimirus, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulſit nec Muſa armavit alumnum
* Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.

* M. Caſimirus, Sarbiewſki Poeta inſignis Polonis.

Quanta

Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum !
* Humana linquens (en ſibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatoſve thronos & patrium polum
Viſurus conſurgis ovans,
Viſum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè ſtupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Muſa, ſimul totus ferveſcere
Sentio, ſtellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter ſidera radens vertice
Longè deſpecto mortaia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia ſæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras ! Cano,
Et miſeras nugas diademata !
Ventoſæ ſortis ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Geſtit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo ———— ———— ————

* Lib. ii. Ode V.

——————at vos heroes & arma
Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dyonyse, Thyrsis?
Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,
Abstate à carmine nostro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen &
Immensum sine lege deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor; Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet & impolitum æqui boni consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

Votum,

Votum, ſeu Vita in terris beata.

Ad virum digniſſimum

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bartum.

1702.

HARTOPPI eximio ſtemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, ſi roges
Quem mea Muſa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
Et ſimiles ſuperis annos agit
" Qui ſibi ſufficiens ſemper adeſt ſibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, ſylvaſque ſilentes
Se muſiſque ſuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

Non ſuæ vulgi favor inſolentis
(Plauſus inſani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad ſacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, veſtra fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſi pollice proprio,

Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, & sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!

Hinc,

Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus eſt Urania,
Et juvenis Jeſſæus amor mihi.

Cœlede carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jeſſæa) lætis auribus inſonet,
Nec Watſianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, ſodales, ſemper amabiles,
Nunc ſimul adſitis, nunc viciſſim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

To Mrs. SINGER, afterwards Mrs. ROWE.

On the Sight of ſome of her divine Poems, never printed.

July 19, 1706.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath the evening ſky
I ſung my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.

Sudden from Albion's weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice, the neighbouring ſhepherds cry;"
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting Muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's ſong
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My Muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal ſtrings:
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound
While Philomela ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

Stanzas to Lady SUNDERLAND, At Tunbridge Wells.

1712.

FAIR Nymph, aſcend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower ſphere,
Not Monarchs are thy rival here.

The Court of Beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all powers but thine and Time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms
His lightning ſtrikes with leſs ſurpriſe
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; ſhe enſlaves the mind:
We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conqueror and the chain.

The Muſe, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her preſence in deſpair,
And owns th' inimitable Fair.

End of the Second Book.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON KING WILLIAM III. OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

Who died March the 8th, 1701.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb,
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

Preſerve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſh iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt duſt.

Ye gentleſt miniſters of Fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt Slumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

Reſt

Reſt his dear Sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful Arms ſhall ſtand:
Fix his bright Enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye ſiſter arts of Paint and Verſe,
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the hearſe,
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave Religion ſet
In ſolemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty in ſables dreſt,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
" William, the ſcourge of tyrants paſt,
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet Peace his ſacred relicks keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name
In ſilver accents round the globe.

Flattery ſhall faint beneath the ſound,
While hoary Truth inſpires the ſong;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night

Night and the grave remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrors of a ſhade.

Glory with all her lamps ſhall burn,
And watch the warrior's ſleeping clay,
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

On the ſudden DEATH of Mrs. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song ſent in a Letter of Condolance to Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amſterdam.

HARK! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the ſpheres;
Our eyes the radiant ſaint purſue
Through liquid teleſcopes of tears.

Farewell, bright ſoul, a ſhort farewell,
Till we ſhall meet again above
In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There glory ſits on every face,
There friendſhip ſmiles in every eye,
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

O'er

O'er all the names of Chriſt our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps ſhall ſound from every ſtring
The wonders of his bleeding Love.

Come, ſovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove theſe ſeparating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it ſtays!

How long muſt we lie lingering here,
While ſaints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this duſky ſphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet ſoul, we leave thee to thy reſt,
Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the ſhining road.

While the dear duſt ſhe leaves behind
Sleeps in thy boſom, ſacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her ſlumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis Dom. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri
NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidas enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanum sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:

Voluit

Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen ſui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem ſepulchrale marmor
Invita obruit ſilentio.
Gratiam Jeſu Chriſti ſalutiferam
Quam abundè hauſit ipſe, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionatur gravis aſpectu, geſtu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Floſculos rhetorices ſupervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majeſtas, & Deus præſens.
Hinc arma militiæ ſuæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum & ſalutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter ſolers,
Et medelam adhibere magis ſalutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim ſcatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipſe undique cœleſtes ſuavitates,
Quaſi oleo lætitiæ ſemper recèns delibutus,
Et ſemper ſupra ſocios;
Gratumque dilectiſſimi ſui Jeſu odorem
Quaquaversùs & latè diffudit.

Dolores

Dolores tolerans ſupra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam aſſiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in ſtadio & in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit
Plerophoriâ fidei quaſi curru alato vectus
Properè & exultim attigit.
Natus eſt in agro Lancaſtrienſi 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Paſtorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut ſemper) providentiam ſecutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenſes præpoſitus eſt,
Quos doctrinâ precibus, & vita beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore ſolutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Eccleſiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piiſque omnibus
Infandum ſui deſiderium:
Dum pulvis Chriſto charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans ſtellam matutinam.

To the Reverend Mr. JOHN SHOWER, on the Death of his Daughter Mrs. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

HOW great ſoever was my ſenſe of your loſs, yet I did not think myſelf fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furniſh you with many a de-

a delightful truth in the midſt of ſo heavy a ſorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightneſs enough in it to gild the moſt gloomy providence; and to that ſweet covenant your ſoul is no ſtranger. My own thoughts were much impreſt with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its beſt eſtate, yet I muſt acknowledge that my temper leads me moſt to the pleaſant ſcenes of heaven, and that future world of bleſſedneſs. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of ſpirits, and ſearch them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and theſe thoughts crouding faſt upon me, I ſet them down for my own entertainment. The verſe breaks off abruptly, becauſe I had no deſign to write a finiſhed elegy; and beſides, when I was fallen upon the dark ſide of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be ſo happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time ſpent in compoſing them ſhall not be reckoned among my loſt hours, and the review will be more pleaſing to,

SIR,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

I. W.

December 22, 1707.

An

An ELEGIAC THOUGHT on Mrs. ANNE WARNER, who died of the Small-Pox, December 18, 1707, at One of the Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her firſt Child.

AWAKE, my Muſe, range the wide world of ſouls,
And ſeek Vernera fled; With upward aim
Direct thy wing; for ſhe was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her viſit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that patrole
The Britiſh ſky, have notic'd her aſcent
Near the meridian ſtar; purſue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradiſe, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing ſcapes thy ſearch, nor canſt thou miſs
So fair a ſpirit) ſay, beneath what ſhade
Of Amaranth, or chearful Ever-green,
She ſits, recounting to her kindred-minds
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderneſs;
By what divine protections ſhe eſcap'd
Thoſe deadly ſnares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to aſſail her virtue
(Snares ſet to murder ſouls); but heaven ſecur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' Eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This" (with sure presage she cries)
"Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
"How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her mate)
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
"Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever One."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Croud with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, Muse,
Chuses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,

From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what ſublimer theme ſhe dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth purſuing. (When, my ſoul,
O when ſhall thy releaſe from cumberous fleſh
Paſs the great ſeal of heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps ſhe ſings
To ſome new golden harp th' Almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His croſs, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies ſhe now before th' eternal throne
Proſtrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and ſelf-abaſement at the ſight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And Hers amongſt them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor ſet with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever baniſh'd flies the place,
Curſt pride, the dreſs of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O ſtamp upon my ſoul
Some bliſsful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my paſſions and my eyes aſide

From

From the dear breathleſs clay, diſtreſſing ſight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondneſs: Tears bedewing
That form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe diſeaſe,
That leagu'd with nature's ſharpeſt pains, and ſpoil'd
So ſweet a ſtructure! The impoiſoning taint
O'erſpreads the building wrought with ſkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duſt!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? This the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on theſe cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was ſeated to advantage; mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy light? So ſits the ſun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimſon cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the ſky, till riſing fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden ſtar, and ſink him down
Oppreſt with darkneſs.——

On the DEATH of an Aged and Honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.

I Know the kindred-mind. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Among the heavenly forms I ſee
The kindred-mind from fleſhly bondage free;

O how unlike the thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghaſtly air, and languiſh'd head,
Life on this ſide, there the dead,
While the delaying fleſh lay ſhivering between.

Long did the earthy houſe reſtrain
In toilſome ſlavery that ethereal gueſt;
Priſon'd her round in walls of pain,
And twiſted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of numerous days oppreſt
The earthy houſe began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive ſoul became her own again:
Tir'd with the ſorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourſcore years,
The priſoner ſmil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters looſe, and mounted to her reſt.

Gaze on, my ſoul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of woe
That hang around the memory, and becloud it ſo.
Come Fancy, come, with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green, and ſpotleſs white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.

But

But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of fancy ſhine,
Conceal th' inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.

Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet;
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to the Almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe,
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breaſt confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.

The painter Muſe with glancing eye
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh*,

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts, had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, muſic, and poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable eſteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ſhip of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ſhip in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth. W.

That death had long disjoined:
" In the fair tablet they ſhall ſtand
" United by a happier band:"
She ſaid, and fix'd her ſight, and drew the manly mind,
Recount the years, my ſong, (a mournful round!)
Since he was ſeen on earth no more:
He fought in lower ſeas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the ſuperior ſhore.
There now his tuneful breath in ſacred ſongs
Employs the European and the Eaſtern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and ſcience meet, [feet.
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varniſh of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The Muſe has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my Honour and my Love
Dreſs it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNE-

A FUNERAL POEM on the DEATH of THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq. presented to the Right Honourable the Lady ABNEY, Lady-Mayoress of London.

July 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabrick to the other: It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a compleat elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues

virtues ſo well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myſelf; for the image of them was ever preſent with me, which kept the pain at the heart intenſe and lively, and my tears flowing with my verſe.

Perhaps your ladyſhip will expect ſome divine thoughts and ſacred meditations, mingled with a ſubject ſo ſolemn as this is: Had I formed a deſign of offering it to your hands, I had compoſed a more chriſtian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death ſo ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such at it is, your ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyſhip's moſt rightful due, both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt hearty

and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To

To the dear MEMORY of my much honoured Friend, THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished his Seat at Newington.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length,
But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy Pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,

T'allure

T' allure our ſouls, till juſt within our arms
The viſion dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the purſuing ſight,
Till they are loſt in ſhades, and mingle with the night.

Muſe, ſtretch thy wings, and thy ſad journey bend
To the fair Fabrick that thy dying friend
Built nameleſs: 'twill ſuggeſt a thouſand things
Mournful and ſoft as my Urania ſings.

How did he lay the deep Foundations ſtrong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the Walls along
Solid and laſting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunſtons might in pleaſure reign,
While nations periſh, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſt eſtate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient ſeat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childleſs; his ſiſters weep and cloſe his eyes,
And wait upon his hearſe with never-ceaſing cries.
Lofty and ſlow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty ſorrow nods on every plume;
A thouſand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's ſacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the ſable road;
But no dear ſon to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young ſorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

O had

O had he left us One behind, to play
Wanton about the painted Hall, and ſay,
" This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd claſp the ſmiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate,
Deſign'd the mighty ſtroke as laſting as 'twas great.

And muſt this building then, this coſtly frame,
Stand here for ſtrangers? Muſt ſome unknown name,
Poſſeſs theſe Rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were theſe walls rais'd for this hapleſs end?
Why theſe Apartments all adorn'd ſo gay?
Why his rich fancy laviſh'd thus away?
Muſe, view the Paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled ſhades wrought in by ſoft degrees,
Give a ſweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The diſmal chambers of the hollow ground,
And ſolid ſhades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: Earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noiſome vapours glide along his face
Riſing perpetual. Muſe, forſake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholeſome clay,
Look to his airy ſpacious Hall, and ſay,
" How has he chang'd it for a loneſome cave,
" Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy houſe, looks deſolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;

The

The pillars languiſh; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the maſter's fall.
In drops of briny dew; the fabrick bears
His faint reſemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below:
A noble air without a gaudy ſhow
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's ſoul.

O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave
Vaſt as his ſeat, and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the ſun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, ſhould ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft minutes roll,
Numbering the ſorrows of my drooping ſoul.
But theſe are airy thoughts! ſubſtantial grief
Grows by thoſe objects that ſhould yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every proſpect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the ſmiling ſkies,
Still my heart ſinks, and ſtill my cares ariſe;
My wandering feet round the fair manſion rove,
And there to ſooth my ſorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the ſweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To

To ſee thoſe walls, pay the ſad viſit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold ſome melancholy ſcene,
With many a penſive thought, and many a ſigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the weſtern ſun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory ſhone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the ſea,
And ſudden night devour'd the ſweet remains of day;
Thus the bright youth juſt rear'd his ſhining head
From obſcure ſhades of life, and ſunk among the dead.
The riſing ſun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on theſe walls again: but endleſs night
Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunſton lies,
He's ſet for ever, and muſt never riſe.
Then why theſe beams, unſeaſonable ſtar,
Theſe lightſome ſmiles deſcending from afar,
To greet a mourning houſe? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a ſhining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds them: while vaſt emptineſs
And hollow ſilence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the chearful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The ſun will riſe, the tuneful ſpheres will roll,
And the two mighty Bears walk round and watch the pole.

See

See while I ſpeak, high on her ſable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe, and glide away
Slowly purſuing the declining day;
O'er the broad Roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that deſpairs the dawn!

Muſe, view the Turret: juſt beneath the ſkies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat
Sacred to friendſhip! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noiſy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts ſhould ſtretch their longeſt wings, and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies:
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats
Built high in heaven for ſouls: We'd trace the ſtreets

Of

Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield;
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode:
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a second wound
At swelling glory, strait the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:

His

His hurrying luſts ſtill break the ſacred bound
To ſeek new pleaſures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a ſhort dying joy to ſell a deathleſs ſoul!
'Tis but a grain of ſweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad harveſt of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different ſtrife,
And baniſh all the lawful ſweets of life,
To ſweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a grain of all the ſtore.

Happy the man that knows the value juſt
Of earthly things, nor is enſlav'd to duſt.
'Tis a rich gift the ſkies but rarely ſend
To favourite ſouls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadſt learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven beſtow'd with liberal hand:
Hence this fair ſtructure roſe; and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we ſhall never meet,
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs each other here,
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunſton lies.

Come hither, all ye tendereſt ſouls, that know
The heights of fondneſs, and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound;

Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eye-lids, and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.

You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately One,
And felt a parting ſtroke: 'Tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity, and deſpair relief.
Paſſion, methinks, ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks, and ſympathy to ſtones.

Ye duſky Woods and echoing Hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound:
Be all ye flowery Vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintery robes, inſtead of youthful green;
And bid the Brook, that ſtill runs warbling by,
Move ſilent on, and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.

Hither

Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn*;
Strip off your pride, to dreſs your maſter's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſtering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhew your ſorrows. Often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway:
Hither our ſouls their conſtant offerings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt, and labours of the thought;
Our opening boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there through both our boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding where ſome years after the lower garden was made.

Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magic powers
Support thy ſway, and charm theſe minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boaſt our birth-right ſtill,
And dream of freedom, when we've loſt our will,
And chang'd away our ſouls: At thy command,
We ſnatch new miſeries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtleſs of our eaſe,
Plague the dear ſelf that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou tyranneſs of minds, whoſe cruel throne
Heap on poor mortals ſorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes ſufficient for each ſon ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the ſhares, and lengthens out the ſtore.
Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy ſlavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death diſſolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving Muſe
Wild and deſpairing knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her ſavage hours
Affronts the name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy votareſs too; and at thy ſhrine,
O ſacred Friendſhip, offer'd ſongs divine,
While Gunſton liv'd, and both our ſouls were thine.
Here to theſe ſhades at ſolemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliſs. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And ſweet the aids of ſenſe! Each ruder wind

Slept

Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, ſporting through the trees:
The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th' horizon hung;
The ſlow-declining ſun with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.

Mourn, ye gardens, ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green incloſures, and ye growing ſweets,
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breaſts did all our thoughts inſpire
With joys almoſt immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's ſouls
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my ſong! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; ſuch joys as theſe
Fled from the earth for ever!——

Oh for a general grief! let all things ſhare
Our woes, that knew our loves: The neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal ſighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over theſe fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading graſs, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endleſs wound,

Vaſt and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His ſilver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear ſound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping ſoul! that heavenly breath,
That could ſpeak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy ſilence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, one gentle word, and then
Gunſton aloud I call: In vain I cry
Gunſton aloud; for he muſt ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop theſe funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wandering I tune my ſorrows to the groves,
And vent my ſwelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves;
While the dear youth ſleeps faſt, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: In the loneſome vault
Mindleſs of Watts and Friendſhip, cold he lies
Deaf and unthinking clay. ——

But whither am I led? This artleſs grief
Hurries the Muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabrick to the neighbouring ground:
The pleaſing hours, the happy moments paſt
In theſe ſweet fields reviving on my taſte
Snatch me away reſiſtleſs with impetuous haſte.

Spread

Spread thy ſtrong pinions once again, my ſong,
And reach the Turret thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converſe; but only hears
The noiſy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds ſalute it whiſtling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling ſhowers
Laſh the fair ſides; above, loud thunder roars;
But ſtill the maſter ſleeps; nor hears the voice
Of ſacred friendſhip, nor the tempeſt's noiſe:
An iron ſlumber ſits on every ſenſe,
In vain the heavenly thunders ſtrive to rouſe it thence.

One labour more, my Muſe, the golden Sphere
Seems to demand: See through the duſky air
Downward it ſhines upon the riſing moon;
And, as ſhe labours up to reach her noon,
Purſues her orb with repercuſſive light,
And ſtreaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darkſome grave,
Or pierce the ſolid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunſton dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like ſome new meteor with diffuſive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the ſtars;
"So ſhines thy Gunſton's ſoul above the ſpheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We ſaw the fleſh ſink down with cloſing eyes,
"We heard thy grief ſhriek out, He dies, He dies,
"Miſtaken grief! to call the fleſh the friend!
"On our fair wings did the bright youth aſcend,

" All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,
" And ſung his welcome to the courts above.
" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the ſkies,
" The buildings ſtruck him with immenſe ſurpriſe;
" The ſpires all radiant, and the manſions bright,
" The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:
" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſate
" In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign through every part;
" Infinite power, and uncreated art,
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtranger ſhow
" How it out-ſhines the nobleſt ſeats below.
" The ſtranger fed his gazing powers awhile
" Tranſported: Then, with a regardleſs ſmile,
" Glanc'd his eye downward through the cryſtal floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful ſtrain;
Raphael commands: Aſſume thy joys again.
In everlaſting numbers ſing, and ſay,
" Gunſton has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
" Gunſton the friend lives ſtill: And give thy groans away."

An

An ELEGY on Mr. THOMAS GOUGE.

To Mr. Arthur Shallet, Merchant.

Worthy Sir,

THE ſubject of the following elegy was high in your eſteem, and enjoyed a large ſhare of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the aſſiſtance of the Muſe to make it perpetual; but when ſhe can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this addreſs acknowledge the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to,

Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To the Memory of the Reverend

Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died Jan. 8th, 1699-1700.

YE virgin ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates * not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.

* Pſal. 137. Lament. i, 2, 3.

O could

O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commission'd for the Fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to dust.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful stroke! distressing death!
A wound unmeasurably wide
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The Muse that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep sounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.

Sion

Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herſelf, with all her ſtore,
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was ſome æthereal mind,
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th' angelic frame,
The ſame ingredients, and the mould the ſame,
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame,
He was all form'd of heavenly things,
Mortals, believe what my Urania ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up through the ocean of the ſky,
Tow'rd the celeſtial coaſt!
With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar
Till earth's dark ball was ſeen no more,
And all its mountains loſt!
Scarce could the Muſe purſue him with her ſight:
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wonderous flight,
And knew the ſtranger well;
Say, how he paſt the radiant ſpheres,
And viſited your happy ſeats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden ſtreets,
And walk'd among the ſtars.

Tell

Tell how he climb'd the everlaſting hills
  Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
    Of an immortal love.
  'Twas there he took a glorious ſight
Of the inheritance of ſaints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
  How oft the humble ſcholar came,
  And to your ſongs he rais'd his ears
  To learn th' unutterable name,
  To view th' eternal baſe that bears,
    The new creation's frame.
  The countenance of God he ſaw,
    Full of mercy: full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous ſprings
  Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel, and the fiery law
    In that majeſtic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy,
  The rolls of fate were half unſeal'd,
    He ſtood adoring by;
  The volume open'd to his eye,
  And ſweet intelligence he held
With all his ſhining kindred of the ſky.

  Ye ſeraphs that ſurround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:

Speak

Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blaſphemers ſhrink and fear *:
Impudent tongues! to blaſt a prophet's name!
The poiſon ſure was fetch'd from hell.
Where the old blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt duſt, and blot the whiteſt fame!
Impudent tongues! You ſhould be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till ſlander die,
Till ſlander die with you.

" We ſaw him, ſaid th' ethereal throng,
" We ſaw his warm devotions riſe,
" We heard the fervour of his cries,
" And mix'd his praiſes with our ſong:
" We knew the ſecret flights of his retiring hours,
" Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
" Young Iſrael roſe to wreſtle with his God,
" And with unconquer'd force ſeal'd the celeſtial towers,
" To reach the bleſſing down for thoſe that fought his
" blood.
" Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
" Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe;
" As oft we ſaw the rolling vengeance ſtand
" Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
" While his aſcending prayer upheld the falling blow."

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight,
My Muſe, and bring the wondrous man to fight.

* Though he was ſo great and good a man, he did not eſcape cenſure.

Place

Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And every year drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong:
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away, and thoughts and ſouls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight
While we belong to clay,
Paſſions of terror and delight,
Demand alternate ſway.
Behold the man, whoſe awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe.
He ſtands the herald of the threatening ſkies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely riſe,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his eyes.
Round the high roof the curſes flew
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the atheiſt fled,

His

His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the atheiſt through,
And o'er his inmoſt powers a ſhuddering horror ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaſpheming ſouls of harden'd ſteel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound.
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, Muſe, aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſooth the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience, and aſſwage the pain;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtrait the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again;
The opening ſkies almoſt obey
His powerful ſong; a heavenly ray
Awakes deſpair to light, and ſheds a chearful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recalls the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs, and triumphs of his throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary.

And

And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he ſung the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear, and balmy as the blood.
In his diſcourſe divine
Afreſh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept ſympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful ſound,
Sad as the breaking heart-ſtrings of th' expiring God.

Down to the manſions of the dead,
With trembling joy our ſouls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear prince of light reclines his head
Darkneſs and ſhades among.
With pleaſing horror we ſurvey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The riſing God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking ſaints, a long triumphing train.

See

See the bright ſquadrons of the ſky,
Downward on wings of joy and haſte they fly,
Meet their returning ſovereign, and attend him high.
A ſhining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal braſs that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliſs receive their King,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls-on the ſeaſons, and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,
Vaſt was his truſt, and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal,
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out, to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!

Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound,
Attention ſtood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlaſting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of ſorrow riſe,
Nor hope th' impoſſible relief.
Ye remnants of the ſacred tribe
Who feel the loſs, come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our ſongs,
And awful threatenings languiſh on our tongues;
Howe is a great but ſingle name:
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone;
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſt for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command his ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wiſh his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And ſhining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping eyes,
Send an Eliſha down, a ſoul of equal ſize,
Or burn this worthleſs globe, and take us to the ſkies.

DIVINE

DIVINE

SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

" Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou haſt
" perfected Praiſe." MATT. xxi. 16.

PREFACE,

To all that are concerned in the Education of CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wiſdom and welfare of the ſucceeding generation are intruſted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The ſeeds of miſery or happineſs in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes ſown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a reliſh for virtue and religion, ought, in the firſt place, to be propoſed to you.

Verſe was at firſt deſigned for the ſervice of God, though it hath been wretchedly abuſed ſince. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and diſciples the precepts of morality and worſhip in verſe. The children of Iſrael were commanded to learn the words of the ſong of Moſes, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Teſtament, not only to ſing "with grace in the heart, but to teach and admoniſh one another by hymns and ſongs," Epheſ. v. 19. And there are theſe four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is ſomething ſo

amuſing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their buſineſs a diverſion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of theſe Songs every week, if they fulfill the buſineſs of the week well, and promiſing them the book itſelf, when they have learnt ten or twenty ſongs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verſe, is longer retained in memory, and ſooner recollected. The like ſounds, and the like number of ſyllables, exceedingly aſſiſt the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a ſong running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off ſome temptations, or to incline to ſome duty, when a word of ſcripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a conſtant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have ſomething to think upon when alone, and ſing over to themſelves. This may ſometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raiſe a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to ſeek relief for an emptineſs of mind, out of the looſe and dangerous ſonnets of the age.

IV. Theſe Divine Songs may be a pleaſant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worſhip, to ſing one in the family, at ſuch time as the parents or governors ſhall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verſe to the moſt uſual pſalm tunes.

The greateſt part of this little book was compoſed ſeveral years ago, at the requeſt of a friend, who has been

been long engaged in the work of catechiſing a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant ſkill and ſucceſs. So that you will find here nothing that ſavours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Diſſenters, baptiſed in infancy, or not, may all join together in theſe ſongs. And as I have endeavoured to ſink the language to the level of a child's underſtanding, and yet to keep it, if poſſible, above contempt; ſo I have deſigned to profit all, if poſſible, and offend none. I hope the more general the ſenſe is, theſe compoſures may be of the more univerſal uſe and ſervice.

I have added at the end, ſome attempts of Sonnets on Moral Subjects, for children, with an air of pleaſantry, to provoke ſome fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he ſucceed your cares with his abundant grace, that the riſing generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the chriſtian world, and a bleſſing to the earth.

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will?
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then

Then let me join this holy train,
  And my firſt offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not diſdain
  To hear an infant ſing.

My heart reſolves, my tongue obeys,
  And angels ſhall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praiſe
  Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

Praiſe for CREATION and PROVIDENCE.

I Sing th' almighty power of God,
  That made the mountains riſe,
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
  And built the lofty ſkies.

I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
  The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
  And all the ſtars obey.

I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
  That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
  And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
  Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
  Or gaze upon the ſky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
  But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
  By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
  Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
  But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
  With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
  And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
  He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
  Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
  The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
  And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
  And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
  To death, and near to hell.

Bleſt be the Lord that ſent his Son
To take our fleſh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have diſobey'd;
He bore our ſins upon the croſs,
And our full ranſom paid.

Behold him riſing from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit, there to ſave
Tranſgreſſors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence ſhall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a ſovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking ſaints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the judge's face,
And with the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

Praiſe for MERCIES Spiritual and Temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I ſee?
What ſhall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deſerve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others ſtarve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the ſtreet
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloath'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While ſome poor wretches ſcarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And reſt upon my bed.

While others early learn to ſwear,
And curſe, and lye, and ſteal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are theſe thy favours day by day
To me above the reſt?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to ſerve thee beſt.

SONG

SONG V.

Praiſe for BIRTH and EDUCATION in a Chriſtian Land.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raiſe,
To thee my youngeſt hours belong;
I would begin my life with praiſe,
Till growing years improve the ſong.

'Tis to thy ſovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Britiſh ground;
Where ſtreams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of ſweet ſalvation ſound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than Eaſt or Weſtern Indies hold.

How do I pity thoſe that dwell
Where ignorance and darkneſs reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Thoſe endleſs joys, thoſe endleſs pains.

Thy glorious promiſes, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my deſire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'ſcape eternal fire.

Thy praiſe ſhall ſtill employ my breath,
Since thou haſt mark'd my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waſte the bleſſings thou haſt given.

SONG

SONG VI.

Praiſe for the GOSPEL.

LORD, I aſcribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Chriſtian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewiſh kings,
And Jewiſh prophets once have given,
Could they have heard thoſe glorious things,
Which Chriſt reveal'd and brought from heaven!

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worſhip'd idols, wood and ſtone,
If they the book of God had ſeen,
Or Jeſus and his goſpel known!

Then if this goſpel I refuſe,
How ſhall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Againſt me will in judgement riſe.

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, power, and grace,
Shine brighteſt in thy book.

The

The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction given;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and ſhow
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies;
Here my deſires are ſatisfy'd,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord, make me underſtand thy law;
Shew what my thoughts have been:
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt has dy'd
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for learning to Read.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Thoſe truths which all thy ſervants preach,
And all thy ſaints believe.

Then ſhall I praiſe the Lord
In a more chearful ſtrain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

The ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALmighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Againſt the judgment-day.

And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there?
Be all expos'd before the ſun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of GOD and DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Juſt as a tree cut down, that fell
To North or Southward, there is lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the ſtate wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN and HELL.

THERE is beyond the ſky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlaſting pains;
There ſinners muſt with devils dwell
In darkneſs, fire, and chains.

Can ſuch a wretch as I
Eſcape this curſed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I ſhall to heaven aſcend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Leſt I ſhould be cut off to-day,
And ſent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

The Advantages of early Religion.

HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

The DANGER of DELAY.

WHY ſhould I ſay, " 'Tis yet too ſoon
" To ſeek for heaven, or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may looſe my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Deſpiſe the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my ſin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and ſwear,
While I refuſe to read and pray,
That he'll refuſe to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuſe his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And ſtrike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One ſtroke of his Almighty rod
Shall ſend young ſinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace:
To wiſh I had my time again,
Or hope to ſee my Maker's face,

SONG XIV.

Examples of early Piety.

WHAT bleſs'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jeſus, who reigns above the ſky
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering ſtand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a ſweet hoſanna ſung,
And bleſt their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While ſcribes and prieſts blaſpheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why ſhould I ſo long delay
What others learnt ſo ſoon?
I would not paſs another day
Without this work begun.

SONG

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

O'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wiſdom's way;
To fear a lie, to ſpeak the truth,
That we may truſt to all they ſay.

But liars we can never truſt,
Though they ſhould ſpeak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at firſt,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was ſtruck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Saphira die,
When ſhe came in, and grew ſo bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That juſt before her huſband told.

The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The words of truth; but every liar
Muſt have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimſtone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Leſt I be ſtruck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

Againſt QUARRELLING and FIGHTING.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them ſo;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you ſhould never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the bleſſed virgin's ſon,
That ſweet and lovely child.

His ſoul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his ſtature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of All he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He ſees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The Devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his bother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

Againſt Scoffing and calling Names.

OUR tongues were made to bleſs the Lord,
And not ſpeak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We muſt not rail again.

Croſs words and angry names require
To be chaſtis'd at ſchool;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be ſo profane,
To mock and jeer and ſcoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord ſhall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Eliſha ſo;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go."

God quickly ſtopp'd their wicked breath,
And ſent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood and groans and tears.

Great God, how terrible art Thou
To ſinners e'er ſo young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Againſt SWEARING, and CURSING, and taking GOD'S NAME in vain.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuſe thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they ſwear,
And curſe their fellows and blaſpheme!

How will they ſtand before thy face,
Who treated thee with ſuch diſdain,
While thou ſhalt doom them to the place
Of everlaſting fire and pain?

Then never ſhall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praiſe thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart ſhall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whoſe power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendſhip, when I hear
Young ſinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curſe, and learn to ſwear.

SONG XX.

Againſt IDLENESS and MISCHIEF.

HOW doth the little buſy bee
Improve each ſhining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?

How ſkilfully ſhe builds her cell!
How neat ſhe ſpreads the wax!
And labours hard to ſtore it well
With the ſweet food ſhe makes.

In works of labour or of ſkill,
I would be buſy too;
For Satan finds ſome miſchief ſtill
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my firſt years be paſt,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at laſt.

SONG XXI.

Againſt Evil Company.

WHY ſhould I join with thoſe in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curſe and ſwear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton ſong:
Their words offend mine ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my tongue
With language ſuch as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the ſcoffers go;
I would be walking with the wiſe,
That wiſer I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jeſt:
One ſickly ſheep infects the flock,
And poiſons all the reſt.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With ſinful children here;
Then let me not be ſent to hell,
Where none but ſinners are.

SONG

SONG XXII.

Againſt PRIDE in CLOATHS.

WHY ſhould our garments, made to hide
Our parents ſhame, provoke our pride?
The art of dreſs did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to ſin.

When firſt ſhe put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boaſt
In the ſad marks of glory loſt.

How proud we are! how fond to ſhew
Our cloaths, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilk-worm wore
That very cloathing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dreſt fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me ſtill.

Then will I ſet my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
Theſe are the robes of richeſt dreſs.

No more ſhall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bleſt apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no ſpot, but ſtill refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it ſhines.

In this on earth ſhould I appear;
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his ſight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers ſay;
With reverence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his Father's law,
Or mocks his Mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the ſame.

But thoſe who worſhip God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

WHY ſhould I love my ſport ſo well,
So conſtant at my play,
And loſe the thoughts of heaven and hell;
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will;
And ſhall I daily know thee more,
And leſs obey thee ſtill?

How ſenſeleſs is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakneſs of a child,
And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can ſay.

SONG XXV.

A Morning Song.

MY God, who makes the ſun to know
His proper hour to riſe,
And to give light to all below,
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

When

When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

An Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With chearful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

For the LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with chearful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

SONG XXVIII.

For the LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to ſee
A whole aſſembly worſhip Thee!
At once they ſing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and ſtill would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleaſure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Chriſt and things divine
Fill up this fooliſh heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

The TEN COMMANDMENTS, out of the OLD TESTAMENT, put into short Rhyme for Children.

EXODUS, Chap. xx.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The SUM of the COMMANDMENTS, out of the NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our SAVIOUR's GOLDEN RULE.

MATT. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty

DUTY to GOD and our NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your ſoul and ſtrength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourſelf,
Be faithful, juſt, and kind.

Deal with another, as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be ſure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here added the HOSANNA, and GLORY to the FATHER, &c. to be ſung at the End of any of theſe Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.

The HOSANNA; or SALVATION aſcribed to CHRIST,

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne:
We bleſs the prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her king.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

Hoſanna to th' eternal word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who bought the news of pardon down,
And brought it with his blood.

To Chriſt, th' anointed King,
Be endleſs bleſſings given;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

GLORY to the FATHER and the SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honour, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give Glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace;
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT

SPECIMEN

OF

MORAL SONGS,

Such as I wiſh ſome happy and condeſcending genius would undertake for the uſe of children, and perform much better.

THE ſenſe and ſubjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would alſo afford matter for other divine ſongs). Here the language and meaſures ſhould be eaſy, and flowing with chearfulneſs, with or without the ſolemnities of religion, or the ſacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from thoſe idle, wanton, or profane ſongs, which give ſo early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the ſeeds of future vices.

I. The

I. The SLUGGARD.

'TIS the voice of the ſluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too ſoon, I muſt ſlumber again."
As the door on its hinges, ſo he on his bed,
Turns his ſides and his ſhoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more ſleep, and a little more ſlumber;"
Thus he waſtes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he ſits folding his hands,
Or walks about ſauntering, or triſling he ſtands.

I paſs'd by his garden, and ſaw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thiſtle grow broader and higher;
The cloaths that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money ſtill waſtes till he ſtarves or he begs.

I made him a viſit, ſtill hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he ſcarce reads his bible and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a leſſon for me:"
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

II. INNO-

II. INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."

III. THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet

Yet the Roſe has one powerful virtue to boaſt,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are loſt,
Still how ſweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Roſe:
But all our fond care to preſerve them is vain;
Time kills them as faſt as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will ſcent, like a Roſe, when I'm dead.

IV. The THIEF.

WHY ſhould I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods againſt his will?
Hands were made for honeſt labour,
Not to plunder or to ſteal.

'Tis a fooliſh ſelf-deceiving
By ſuch tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to ſorrow, ſhame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their ſad profit to compute?
To what diſmal ſtate they brought us
When they ſtole forbidden fruit?

Oft

Oft we ſee a young beginner
  Practiſe little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd ſinner;
  Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
  Though we fancy none can ſpy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
  God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
  Leſt I covet what's not mine:
Leſt I ſteal what is not given,
  Guard my heart and hands from ſin.

V. The ANT or EMMET.

THESE Emmets how little they are in our eyes?
  We tread them to duſt, and a troop of them dies
  Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wiſe as we are, if we went to their ſchool,
There's many a ſluggard, and many a fool,
  Some leſſons of wiſdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in ſleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a ſun-ſhiny day,
  And for winter they lay up their ſtores:
They manage their work in ſuch regular forms,
One would think they foreſaw all the froſts and the
    ſtorms,
  And ſo brought their food within doors,

But

But I have leſs ſenſe than a poor creeping Ant,
If I take not due care for the things I ſhall want,
Nor provide againſt dangers in time.
When death or old age ſhall ſtare in my face,
What a wretch ſhall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my ſtrength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will ſerve me when ſickneſs ſhall come,
And pray that my ſins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

VI. GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can I tell what ſhall befal me,
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age ſhall call me.

Should I be rich or great,
Others ſhall partake my goodneſs;
I'll ſupply the poor with meat,
Never ſhewing ſcorn or rudeneſs.

Where I ſee the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deſerve to feel the ſame
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If

If I meet with railing tongues,
  Why ſhould I return them railing,
Since I beſt revenge my wrongs
  By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
  Talking fooliſh, curſing, ſwearing;
Firſt I'll try to make them wiſe,
  Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
  I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modeſt, neat and clean,
  And ſubmit when they reprove me.

If I ſhould be poor and ſick,
  I ſhall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
  Though they 're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
  Nor be eaſily offended;
What's amiſs I'll ſtrive to mend,
  And endure what can't be mended.

May I be ſo watchful ſtill
  O'er my humours and my paſſion,
As to ſpeak and do no ill,
  Though it ſhould be all the faſhion!

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the christian: His course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: Then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

Some

Some COPIES of the following HYMN having got abroad already into several Hands, the Author has been perſuaded to permit it to appear in Public, at the End of theſe SONGS for Children.

A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie ſtill and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly bleſſings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment.
All thy wants are well ſupply'd.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he deſcended,
And became a child like thee?

Soft and eaſy is thy cradle:
Courſe and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birth-place was a ſtable,
And his ſofteſt bed was hay.

Bleſſed babe! what glorious features,
Spotleſs fair, divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the ſight?

Was

Was there nothing but a manger
  Curſed ſinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly ſtranger!
  Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft my child; I did not chide thee,
  Though my ſong might ſound too hard;
'Tis thy { * Mother / Nurſe that } ſits beſide thee,
  And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

Yet to read the ſhameful ſtory,
  How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they ſerv'd the Lord of glory,
  Makes me angry while I ſing.

See the kinder ſhepherds round him,
  Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought him, there they found him,
  With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dreſſing;
  Lovely infant, how he ſmil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's bleſſing
  Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy child.

Lo, he ſlumbers in his manger,
  Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
  Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

* Here you may uſe the words, Brother, Siſter, Neighbour, Friend, &c.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endleſs crying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
Truſt and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and ſing his praiſe!

I could give thee thouſand kiſſes,
Hoping what I moſt deſire;
Not a Mother's fondeſt wiſhes
Can to greater joys aſpire.

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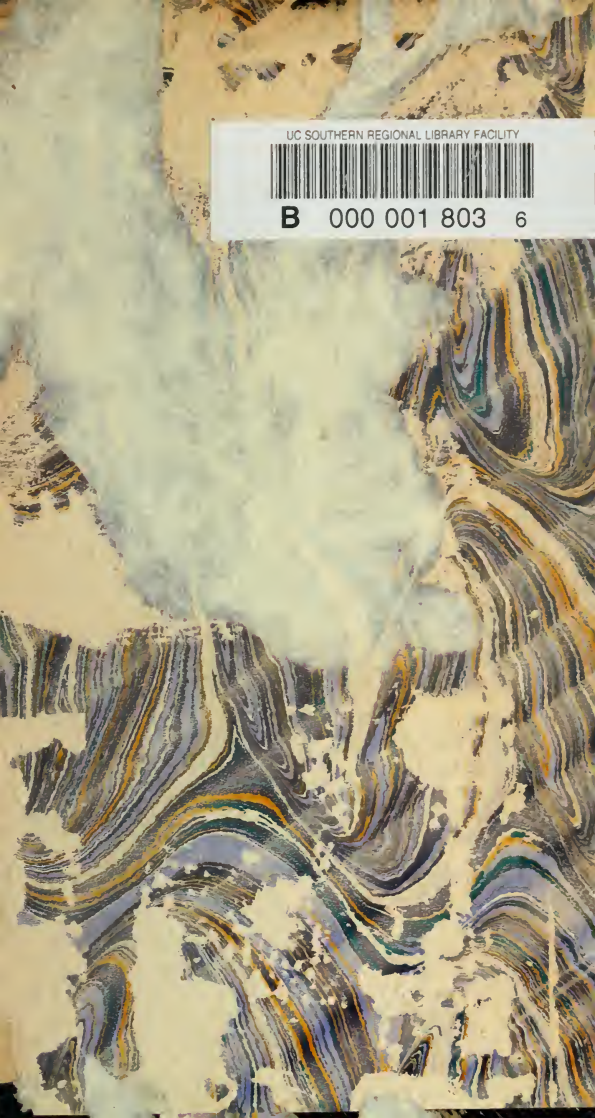
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